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DICTATOR COUGHLIN

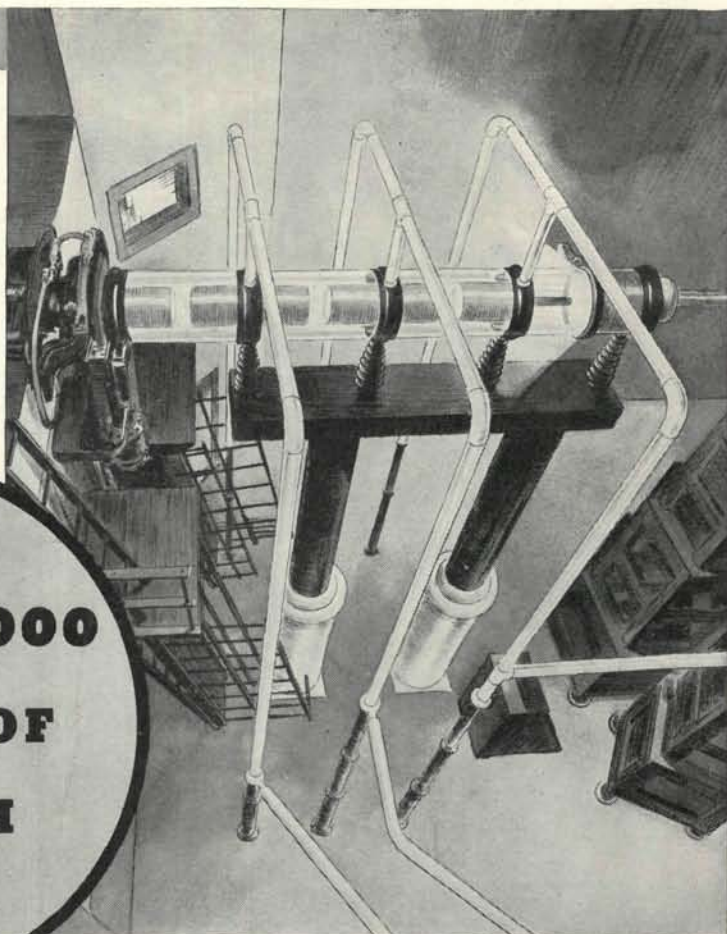
Fascism under the Cross

BY DAVID CARL COLONY

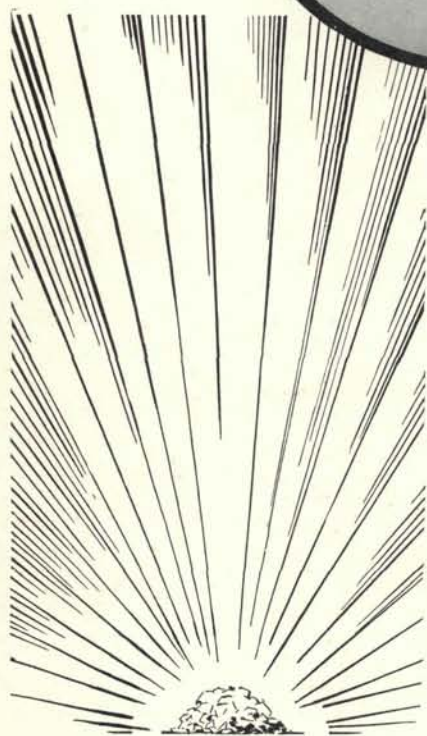
A New Adventure for Women	HENRY GODDARD LEACH	193
<i>Editorial Foreword</i>		
Renaissance in American Art	RALPH M. PEARSON	202
Birthright in Andalusia. <i>A Short Story</i>	THEODORE PRATT	205
Is Vivisection Inhumane?	RAGNA B. ESKIL & IRENE CASTLE McLAUGHLIN	213
<i>A Debate</i>		
Spring Books in Review	MARY M. COLUM	218
America in Cartoons	DANIEL R. FITZPATRICK	224
Professors Have a Cinch	DIXON WECTER	226
The Year of the Boar. <i>1935 in Japan</i>	JAMES A. B. SCHERER	230
Do You Spank Your Children?	GARRY C. MYERS	234
Government vs. Desert. <i>The Shelter Belt</i>	WILSON COMPTON	237
How to Tame Dragons	GERALD HEARD	240
The World as I Want It	VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA	243
Courage. <i>A Poem</i>	CHARLOTTE FISCHBACK	244
What's to Become of the CCC?	C. A. EDSON	245
Science Views the Supernatural—I	ALDOUS HUXLEY	248
A Page for Poets		253
Who Said It? <i>Win Money with Your Memory</i>		254



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THE FORUM AND • CENTURY

APRIL, 1935



VOL. 93, NO. 4

A NEW ADVENTURE FOR WOMEN

Editorial Foreword

THE ADMINISTRATION of our public affairs, generally speaking, has improved since the elevation of women to the suffrage. Women have secured and are holding with distinction posts in the diplomatic service, the federal Treasury, the Cabinet. In states, municipalities, incorporated villages, women voters are now active in improving those public facilities of school, art, and sanitation that are closely related to their age-long experience with the routine of the home. This is well. At the same time many observers regret that the woman voter of today does not exhibit the same fine passion of glorious adventure that enabled her to carry to conquest her struggle to obtain the rights of citizenship. The suffragette is resting too comfortably on the oars of victory.

Among the masculine failures of our social order which challenge today the aggressive attention of women is the confusion of our penal system and the backwardness of our treatment of criminals. The police of this country are now doing a more effective job in rounding up evildoers than our dilatory courts in determining the degree of their guilt. Discipline in our congested prisons is confused, and thousands of inmates subjected to bad conditions become a greater menace to society subsequent to their release than before their commitment.

ELIZABETH FRY

ENGLAND DURING the last century set us a noble example of what women can do to clean up the prison system of a country. A century ago the prisons of England were in greater confusion than those of America today. Their squalor, their injustice were vividly dramatized in the novels of Charles Dickens. Today British justice moves with fairness and precision, and yet no stone is left unturned to cure every curable case and restore it to society. In this reform a woman, Elizabeth Fry, was a leader. Her name stands out with those of the great British prison reformers, John Howard and Jeremy Bentham.

Elizabeth Fry was a family woman with many household responsibilities. She began her public service in her own neighborhood by caring for the poor and the neglected. In 1811 the Society of Friends acknowledged her as a "minister." She began her prison work in Newgate and in 1817 formed an association for the improvement of its female prisoners. This association brought about the separation of the sexes, with female jailers for women, proper classification, facilities for education, and, above all, useful employment. In 1822 she opened a house for discharged women prisoners. The reform spread. The House of

Commons recognized the service of Elizabeth Fry and extended her methods into other prisons. She traveled untiringly, visiting prisons in Great Britain and Ireland and abroad, bringing the sunlight and the sweet reasonableness of her Quaker faith into the darkest dungeons of Europe.

In England today the penal system is orderly and uniform. The British Home Office maintains wise probation officers in every community. Offenders under 17 years of age are placed not in a crowded Elmira Reformatory but in 71 small schools. The largest number admitted to any one school is 225, and most of the schools are smaller.

BORSTALIANS

IN ENGLAND convicted criminals of both sexes between the ages of 16 and 23 are carefully examined by experts, and if their cases seem curable they are sent not to prison but to a training of three years in one of the 9 so-called Borstal Institutions. About 1,000 young people are committed annually to them. As many as 400 are detained in one establishment at a time, but each institution is — like Harvard College — divided into houses whose boys vie not only in athletic prowess but in the skill they exhibit in learning their trades and in their records for good behavior.

The purpose of a Borstal Institution is to teach wayward youths to become self-contained men. Every Borstal lad on discharge must be ready to earn his own living. His period of supervision does not end with his discharge. When he comes out of Borstal he graduates into membership in the Borstal Association. This association is not content with acting merely as a parole supervisor to check up on the behavior of the Borstal graduate. It is also concerned with finding him a job. Until the reformed felon is honorably self-supporting the Association must provide him with funds for food, lodging, and clothing. Even in these present times of unemployment, 65 per cent of Borstal graduates are successfully reabsorbed by society. The other 35 per cent of tougher cases go back for a second training, and of this lot one half ultimately makes good.

Contrast the above system of careful reconditioning of juvenile criminals for society

with our leading reformatory in New York State, where 78.6 per cent of the inmates have had previous criminal records and 1,333 young men are crowded into quarters built for only 861.

FIVE EVILS

FOREIGN VISITORS who inspect our prisons find that in physical equipment, in architecture, electrification, sanitation, our newer prisons beat the world. They also praise our institutions for women. With this observation, with certain laudable exceptions, their praise usually ends. Of the faults they see in our penal institutions 5 are paramount: confusion, crowding, improper classification, inadequate employment, unqualified wardens.

It is not, of course, to be expected that in a country as complex as America the treatment of prisoners should be as uniform as in England. But the Wickersham Report shows that a potential American prisoner, instead of running up against the uniform system of a Home Office, as in England, is liable to become responsible to any one of close on 3,000 independent and separate prison authorities. There is no excuse even in the name of constitutional liberty for such an anarchic diffusion of power.

The worst examples of the irresponsibility of our prison system are probably our county jails. These places are usually smelly and disorderly hells. Here healthy boys jailed for exuberance of mischief are herded with prostitutes, homosexuals, and hardened convicts.

These jails too often represent the lowest stage of the indecency, contamination, insanitation which is our elementary concern in penal reform. Until they are cleansed and rebuilt and their inmates classified and segregated from moral infection we should not boast too loudly about the grandeur or efficiency of our larger penitentiaries. The states must take control of the local jails and make them an organic part of their penal systems, thereby acquiring the right of inspection, which they do not now generally possess.

The second evil of our prison system — overcrowding — is largely a product of the third — lack of classification. If we segregated our prisoners according to the seriousness of their crimes it would not be necessary to herd

comparatively harmless offenders within the same prison walls as incurable felons. Thousands of lighter offenders who are now being corrupted and incapacitated by daily association with confirmed criminals ought to be employed in the open on farms of correction, enclosed by no wall except the reward of good behavior.

For generations we have been aware of the fourth evil of our prisons — the lack of proper exercise and constructive employment. There are numerous happy exceptions, at Sing Sing and elsewhere. Here adequate reform can be accomplished only as a result of national public demand. Sentiment aside, common sense dictates that a prisoner should be treated as a human being, not as a numbered machine. And in addition the public should demand for every prisoner mental training in place of idleness and gossip. California conducts an admirable university-extension course, under the direction of Dean Leuschner, for San Quentin. The Editor of *THE FORUM* can exhibit sheafs of highly intelligent letters addressed to him on literary topics from inmates of that penitentiary.

The fifth major evil of our prisons is the dearth of competent wardens, warders, and jailers. These men should be carefully picked, not appointed by political bosses. Congress should establish a national West Point of criminology for the training of prison employees, and only open-minded and humane men should be selected.

ALDERSON

WOMEN IN AMERICA, like Elizabeth Fry in England, are already playing a significant part in penal reform. As Superintendent of the Federal Industrial Institution for Women at Alderson, West Virginia, presides a remarkable criminologist, Dr. Mary B. Harris. That institution was built in 1927 on the cottage system, with 30 or 40 inmates in each cottage and a total capacity of 500.

There are no walls whatsoever at Alderson, and the warders are all women. The women inmates are federal offenders. They do all the work of the institution. They manufacture yearly over 100,000 shirts, which are sold to other prisons and are of such good quality that they are now in demand from the

Indian Bureau and the Navy Department. During 8 years only 22 women have escaped, and they have all been returned. None of these escapes has occurred while the women were employed in daylight but only in the idleness of night. While the institution is unarmed and unvalled and the inmates are thus comparatively free to escape, Alderson is not defended against possible raids from outside. Hence the women of gangsters are incarcerated in the walled penitentiary for women in Michigan — another example of sane classification.

The secret of Alderson is proper occupation. During the months that 200 male convicts from Leavenworth and Atlanta were building roads and clearing up the ravages of construction there was not a single case of scandal among the women inmates. And women felons are actually rehabilitated at Alderson. When released to freedom or parole the large percentage take up their lives in normal society.

UP TO THE WOMEN

ALDERSON is an example of what women can do for penology in America. I do not advocate women wardens for prisons for men. I do suggest the placing of women on prison boards. If women have succeeded so well with women why should they not be placed everywhere on boards of inspection and reform?

Here, surely, is a challenge to the club-women who have recently been under attack for their failure to develop aggressive leadership. Let a nationwide women's prison committee be formed, with intelligent, clear-headed women — especially younger women — selected to inspect every prison, reformatory, and county jail from coast to coast. And most important is local enthusiasm and attack. In each locality the women can make sure that the local jail is put under scientific regulation and that first offenders are sent to houses of detention organized on the Borstal plan. If this reform is left to the men we will make haste altogether too slowly. Let the younger women put half the effort and enthusiasm into cleaning up the social pestilence of our prison system that their mothers put into getting the vote, and the job will be swiftly and properly accomplished.

Henry Goddard Seach

DICTATOR COUGHLIN

Fascism Under the Cross

BY DAVID CARL COLONY

AUTHOR'S NOTE: — While the writer is not a Roman Catholic,* that is so only because of his inability to subscribe to certain purely administrative doctrines. Yet he looks upon the Church as his Holy Mother. He venerates her teachings and her saints. And while the author is convinced that an intelligent, reasonably unselfish, democratic capitalism is the only economic philosophy consistent with human nature, especially human nature in America, this is not a defense of capitalism.

This paper is written only to arouse thinking Catholics and non-Catholics alike to the dangerous implications of the work of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin; to the fact that the Church, by permitting her priest to carry it on, is leaving herself open to dangerous accusations and to unwholesome suspicions. The accusations here enumerated may be entirely unjustified. The Church has it in her power to clear the air.

Men and women who don't fear the truth will accept this essay in the spirit in which it is offered. Those who fear to look at the truth in the penetrating light of day may, in time, forgive me.

AMERICA IS different. Here almost all groups proclaiming themselves to be Fascist are primarily dues-paying brotherhoods of shirt peddlers. But the true American Fascists disavow any Mussolini-Hitler leanings. They collect no dues except the voluntary offerings of the faithful. They sell no shirts. They have no passwords. They do not march. They carefully avoid the suspicion of Fascism even in their corporate name. Yet they are tremendously powerful. Their number is rapidly approximating ten million. They are known as the National Union for Social Justice. Their leader is Father Charles E. Coughlin of Royal Oak, Michigan. Their professed purposes are very similar to the early programs of Mussolini and Hitler. Unless checked, their development promises to be much like the growth of European Fascism. They threaten the same dangers to America that now beset Italy and Germany.

* **EDITOR'S NOTE:** — The author is a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

In fact, American Fascism bids fair to be very much more dangerous than its European counterpart since it marches under neither the upraised hand of Il Duce nor the Swastika, but under the Sign of the Cross.

The following excerpts are from the writings and sayings of the Fascist leaders of the world. They are presented together, without distinguishing labels. Their kinship speaks for itself. So close is this kinship that you will have difficulty ascribing these quotations to their proper sources. Without referring to the footnote, you may be interested in performing this experiment in recognition. Your score will be low.

1. Offenders against the interests of the community, usurers, profiteers, etc. should be punished.
2. Usury must be abandoned.
3. Human rights must be preferred to financial rights.
4. The struggle against international finance . . . has become the most important incident in the war for freedom and independence.
5. I hope that you share my confidence in the overthrow of the power of international bankers.
6. Stock exchanges and banks should be nationalized.
7. Is it possible that when every fiber in my memory binds me to the working class I should want to betray those I am descended from? . . . I am fighting against the people who want to ensnare you by their false and faulty ideas.
8. We support Capital, but not in order to strengthen international capitalism; only to enable Capital to ensure a fair life to Labor.
9. Banks and financial institutions are the fortresses of robber barons.
10. The treasury would have the right to issue non-interest bearing bills to finance national works such as highways and public buildings. The collateral of the new money would be not gold but these same highways and buildings.
11. We do not make violence a school. . . . We are violent whenever it is necessary.
12. We demand the abolition of mortgage interest.
13. The entire wealth of banking and stock exchange princes should be appropriated for the benefit of the community without compensation.

Lack of space prohibits any further gems of wisdom from Fascist lips.* They could, however, be multiplied many times, only to strengthen the impression that between Coughlin and Mussolini and more especially between Coughlin and Hitler there is no great gulf fixed. In fact, if history is consistently repetitious, we may expect the National Union for Social Justice to react from its present wordy liberalism, just as Hitler and Mussolini have reacted. Before that reaction comes, Americans must understand the implications of Coughlin's Fascism, for this last state is much worse than the first.

II

IN 1933, in his address, "Thus Goeth the Battle," Coughlin said, "It shall be my privilege to mail every one of you, who joins with us, a medal of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, the lover of human rights over financial rights. March! God wills it — this religious crusade against the pagan god of gold."

That is, the struggle against the international bankers, the gold standard, the Federal Reserve system is no longer a rather complicated problem in economics and finance, an altogether human problem. It is a new Crusade. And lest the false impression prevail that Coughlin's is always to be a battle of words, not of blood, he warns that, if the overthrow of international bankers cannot be accomplished in one way, "I swear to God that we will accomplish it another way." It takes very little analysis to discover that Mussolini's "We are violent whenever it is necessary," means very much the same as Coughlin's "another way."

It will be objected that a mere similarity of speech is hardly sufficient to identify Coughlin with Hitler or Mussolini. Speech, however, is the oral expression of thought. Besides, while there has yet been no open proclamation of American Fascism, the development of Coughlinism has thus far been ominously regular. The true demagogue works according to a very

orderly process. First, he tries to cajole the powers that be into accepting his views. He is grateful for any recruits who may increase the prestige of his cause. When he "bears fruit and multiplies" he becomes impatient of resistance and criticism. While still recruiting new strength he insolently attempts to intimidate all opposition. He frequently succeeds, too. Then, when the power and the glory are finally his, the ranks of the charter members of demagoguery are closed. Politeness and threats are discarded. Then comes the time of graceful or grudging conformity, else "heads roll in the dust."

Thus far Coughlin has followed the pattern closely. He attained his first fullness of popular strength in the cry of "Roosevelt or Ruin." A nation weary of looking for the mythical prosperity corner took the new Roosevelt to its bosom. He was America's hope, to lead his people out of the wilderness. Everybody was his friend, and any friend of Roosevelt was a friend of the "forgotten man." The Democratic candidate was christened the "new Lincoln" by the radio priest. Many of those who previously had been suspicious of Coughlin were almost ashamed of themselves. This clergyman was for God and Roosevelt. He was in the world but not of the world, battling for a better one. The audiences of the Royal Oak broadcasts grew by leaps and bounds. Recruits were fast rallying to the colors.

By 1934 Coughlin knew his strength. It was no longer necessary to be pleasant to anybody, not even to the President. It was time for assertion of force. The National Union for Social Justice came into being. The strength of the mob was being organized. It was safe to try intimidation. And it was tried successfully when the Senate of the United States was frightened into keeping us out of the World Court. It will be tried again, and soon, when the issue is joined on the question of the soldiers' bonus. Competent observers insist that a presidential veto will prevail against Coughlin and the American Legion. Such insistence means little. Friends of internationalism were equally certain that the cause of the World Court would easily prevail. They were wrong then. They will be wrong again. Even Franklin Roosevelt is, at this writing, less certain of his veto power. There are whisperings that he will

* Key to quotations on opposite page: 1. Nazi Article of Faith. 2. Coughlin, *The New Temple*, 1933. 3. Coughlin, *The New Temple*, 1933. 4. Nazi Article of Faith. 5. Coughlin, *The Restoration of Silver*, 1933. 6. Alfred Rosenberg. 7. Mussolini. 8. Mussolini. 9. Hitler. 10. Alfred Rosenberg. 11. Mussolini. 12. Nazi Article of Faith. 13. A projected Nazi law entitled, "A Bill for the Expropriation of the Wealth of the Banking, Stock-Exchange Princes and Other Parasites."

attempt to compromise.

Coughlin and his few followers at Royal Oak were as Hitler and his tiny band of Munich adherents. Coughlin and his National Union for Social Justice are like Hitler and his Storm Troopers. The third stage of Fascist development in the United States is still to come, if we permit it.

III

WHAT MAKES Coughlinism much more dangerous than any European Fascist movement is the fact that the Detroit priest is constantly claiming the approval of God, the Pope, and Bishop Gallagher. It means that American Fascism claims to represent not any one political party, not any particular school of social and economic philosophy, not the possibly visionary purposes of one personality but the highest ideals and purposes of divinity. Disagreement means not only party and, ultimately, national treason. It means sacrilege and heresy. And if the time comes when American heads "roll in the dust," the executioner will be

more than a civil officer. He will be the handy man of God, the keeper of a priestly office.

It is wondered with disquieting frequency whether Coughlin really stands alone in his Fascist leadership or whether he has the entire strength of the Roman Catholic Church behind him. There are ample grounds for such wonder. Some two hundred seventy million Roman Catholics in the world are rapidly decreasing both in numbers and in influence. Even a very hasty survey of the religious situation in Mexico, Spain, and Germany reveals how constantly papal authority is being challenged, successfully, on all sides. Even in Italy, where a theoretical harmony exists between Il Duce and the Vatican, it is a peace born not of reli-

Application for MEMBERSHIP in the NATIONAL UNION FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

*Please mail to: Rev. Chas. E. Coughlin
Royal Oak, Michigan*

(The signature of the member must be written clearly in his own writing except in cases where the member is unable to write.)

I hereby pledge my support to the NATIONAL UNION FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE and to its principles as set down in general by Father Coughlin in his radio address delivered on Armistice Day, November 11, 1934.

I pledge myself that independent of political party, race, creed, or color I shall spend my efforts to publicize these principles and to work through the agency of the NATIONAL UNION FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE to put these principles into practice.

Name

Street and number

City..... State.....

County..... Occupation.....

Are you nineteen years of age or over?.....

Please send me application blanks.
(QUANTITY)

(Over)

gious necessity but of political opportunism.

It is probably true that the Catholic authorities have never asked Coughlin to do what he is doing. They probably never gave him explicit permission for his work. Their attitude of non-interference is much more diplomatic. It is silly to say that Bishop Gallagher is alone in approval of his crusading priest. The Bishop is subject to authority. He can be ordered to withdraw his approval. Thus far it has not been so ordered. The only interpretation possible, then, is that, while the Vatican doesn't care to issue a public commendation of Coughlin, it has no objection if its official silence is interpreted as at least a passive approval.

It is possible, of course, that, while the ec-

Preamble and Principles of the NATIONAL UNION FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

Establishing my principles upon this preamble, namely, that we are all creatures of a beneficent God, made to love and serve Him in this world and to enjoy Him forever in the next; and that all this world's wealth of field and forest, of mine and river has been bestowed upon us by a kind Father, therefore, I believe that wealth as we know it originates from the natural resources and from the labor which the sons of God expend upon these resources. It is all ours except for the harsh, cruel and grasping ways of wicked men who first concentrated wealth into the hands of a few, then dominated states and finally commenced to pit state against state in the frightful catastrophies of commercial warfare.

With this as a preamble, then, these following shall be the principles of social justice towards whose realization we must strive.

1. I believe in the right of liberty of conscience and liberty of education, not permitting the state to dictate either my worship to my God or my chosen avocation in life.

2. I believe that every citizen willing to work and capable of working shall receive a just and living annual wage which will enable him to maintain and educate his family according to the standards of American decency.

3. I believe in nationalizing those public necessities which by their very nature are too important to be held in the control of private individuals. By these I mean banking, credit and currency, power, light, oil and natural gas and our God-given natural resources.

4. I believe in private ownership of all other property.

5. I believe in upholding the right to private property yet of controlling it for the public good.

6. I believe in the abolition of the private owned Federal Reserve Banking system and in the establishing of a Government owned Central Bank.

7. I believe in rescuing from the hands of private owners the right to coin and regulate the value of money which right must be restored to Congress where it belongs.

8. I believe that one of the chief duties of this government owned Central Bank is to maintain the cost of living on an even keel and the repayment of dollar debts with equal value dollars.

9. I believe in the cost of production plus a fair profit for the farmer.

10. I believe not only in the right of the laboring man to organize in unions but also in the duty of the Government which that laboring man supports to facilitate and to protect these organizations against the vested interests of wealth and of intellect.

11. I believe in the recall of all non-productive bonds and thereby in the alleviation of taxation.

12. I believe in the abolition of tax-exempt bonds.

13. I believe in the broadening of the base of taxation founded upon the ownership of wealth and the capacity to pay.

14. I believe in the simplification of government, and the further lifting of crushing taxation from the slender revenues of the laboring class.

15. I believe that in the event of a war for the defense of our nation and its liberties, there shall be a conscription of wealth as well as a conscription of men.

16. I believe in preferring the sanctity of human rights to the sanctity of property rights. I believe that the chief concern of government shall be for the poor because, as it is witnessed, the rich have ample means of their own to care for themselves.

These are my beliefs. These are the fundamentals of the organization which I present to you under the name of the NATIONAL UNION FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE. It is your privilege to reject or accept my beliefs; to follow me or repudiate me.

C. L. Coughlin

to glory. Two would follow him, then, where but one follows now. Catholicism may be genuinely doubtful of the value of Coughlinism. Hence, the Church purposefully refrains from placing a possible martyr's halo on the priestly brow.

All these things Coughlin probably understands. He has charted a safe course. If he has unwittingly become the means of strengthening in the United States a Catholic position which is becoming increasingly difficult in other parts of the world, there will be stars in his crown. There may even be a cardinal's red hat, some day. If, on the other hand, he is causing displeasure in high places, there is still very little danger. As long as he can produce Gallagher's imprimatur and quote passages from papal encyclicals, nothing ill can befall him until he is specifically commanded to be silent. And if and when such a command is issued, disobedience will place him exactly where he wants to be, at the head of millions of Americans, a recognized political leader. In time, perhaps, *the* political leader.

IV

EVEN IF COUGHLIN'S aims are of the purest, the effect of his work upon the

clerical authorities would like to silence Coughlin, they are fearful of the consequences. The man has tasted power. He has been called, on more than one occasion, into legislative councils for advice. He may choose to disregard any order from his religious superiors. He may even prefer to be deposed rather than yield obedience to the Church. He would be a martyr, and martyrdom has long been the way

mass of the people bodes ill for the future peace of the nation. Never before, in modern times, has revolution identified itself with religion; and if Fascism or communism lies ahead, either can be attained only by way of revolution. It was Lenin who said, "It is not the people who prepare revolutions; one must prepare the people for revolt." Coughlin is that "one." He is planting seeds of bitterness in the hearts of

men. No one is exempt from his attack. Woodrow Wilson was a blackguard. Franklin Roosevelt is no longer the "new Lincoln." Alfred Smith is a turncoat. Any person who doesn't see eye to eye with the Detroit priest is a menace to the welfare of the common people. Class consciousness in the United States, due primarily to Coughlin, is today a more terrible reality than it has ever been. Hatred, cynicism, and suspicion have been generously nurtured, Sunday by Sunday, from the Shrine of the Little Flower, and all in the Name of God, the Pope, and Bishop Gallagher.

Thus, when *the* hour strikes, Americans will have been skillfully prepared for the Fascist march on Washington. Men will repair to their churches to pray, earnestly and with deep sincerity, for God's blessing on Fascist arms. Coughlin will be the new Messiah, come to lead his people out of the depths. Once again we shall be a nation of intolerant religious and political Puritans. Freedom will go the way of the winds. For, as soon as religion lays down any dogma, spiritual or secular, variation from that dogma can no longer be permitted. Once again the Spanish Inquisition will come to haunt the world. It will differ in dress and form but it will contain the selfsame spirit. Supporters of American Fascism will be more courageous than their European brethren. For, here, when a man lays down his life for Coughlin he will receive the blessing of the Church, and his soul will go winging straight to heaven. And when murder is committed in the name of the state, it will be an unmitigated blessing for the departed sinner. Murder will guarantee that he will sin no more, thus making the dissenter's stay in purgatory as brief as possible.

V

IT IS, OF course, possible that Coughlin is made of martyr stuff. He may choose to go to his grave proclaiming the Name of Christ rather than bring upon us the questionable blessings of Fascism. The history of religion, however, is against such a possibility. Religion has never been democratic. In the very nature of things it can't be other than it has always been—autocratic, dogmatic, domineering. God is King, not President. And He is a jealous God who will have none other gods beside Him.

Especially close is the kinship between the administrative forces of the Roman Catholic Church and the presiding officers of Fascism. The dictator's word is final. So is the Pope's. Variation from Church doctrine is heresy. Original thinking in the Fascist state is treason.

In the United States, however, there is more than a merely administrative similarity between Fascism and the Church. Here spiritual and civil authority seem destined to spring from *identical* sources. American Fascism is identified with Coughlin, who symbolizes the Church. The Church, therefore, is identified with the state. Adherence to Roman Catholicism, it follows, will be synonymous with patriotism.

Fearing just such reasoning and its possible consequences, there have been, on occasion, protesting Roman Catholic voices. There is always, of course, Cardinal O'Connell. There is the New York priest who publicly denounced Coughlin, only to apologize just as publicly. Not even the prestige of that great Catholic, Alfred E. Smith, has been able to silence the Detroit orator. All evidence points to at least a passive approval of Coughlin by the Church authorities.

Until such approval is definitely and authoritatively denied I charge that the Roman Catholic Church, convinced of democracy's failure, is deliberately and subtly building in the United States a Fascist order in which church and state are one, to the exclusion of all other political and religious beliefs.

That Coughlin does not shrink from the idea of dictatorship becomes more apparent daily. It is a reasonable assumption that, whatever powers are governing the United States, they will always make at least a pretense of loyalty to the Constitution. Coughlin, not being native-born, would, therefore, be ineligible for the office of President. He would instead be the man behind the throne. There is always Huey Long, however, who likes to hold the seat of the Kingfish. Long is no fool. He sees the handwriting on the wall. And that explains a rather interesting Washington dispatch of February 16, 1935, signed by Harold Brayman and published in the *Evening Public Ledger* of Philadelphia. In part, Brayman wrote:

He [Huey] has met and talked with Father Charles E. Coughlin, whose radio following was large enough

to defeat the World Court when it was up in the Senate. . . . In his talk with Father Coughlin, it is understood that Senator Long announced that he intended to run against President Roosevelt in 1936 in various State primaries. . . . He is understood to have obtained from Father Coughlin a pledge of support or, at least, a pledge that no opposition would come from that quarter.

This is the Long who is dictator of the State of Louisiana and who seeks to do for the rest of the Union what he has done for his own bailiwick. Of him an editorial in the February 23 issue of *Collier's* says:

His radicalism is the cheapest variety of claptrap. What he is doing is attempting to capitalize for his own benefit the discontent and confusion felt by helpless people who have been plagued by the prolonged hardships of a changing era. Lust for power, not compassion for the poor, is his driving impulse.

Most observant Americans will agree with this rather temperate analysis of Huey. It might have been added, too, that the gentleman is shrewd. He knows Coughlin's power. He probably senses Coughlin's aims. He wants to climb on the band wagon so that, "when the roll is called up yonder," he'll be there. This is the man, or the type of man, who under Coughlin would hold the scepter. To this petty dictator the priest is reported to have given a pledge of support. Nothing more clearly indicates that, all denials to the contrary, dictatorship is not too far from Coughlin's thoughts.

Shrewd observer that he is, Long always plays safe. Coughlin isn't the only rabble rouser on the scene. The Louisiana Senator didn't overlook the others. But, while he sent his emissaries to call upon the lesser breeds, he is reported to have called personally upon Coughlin. He recognizes that the future of discontent lies at Royal Oak, that the growth of discontent is nourished most effectively from there. He is ready and willing to carry the Fascist banner. But the manner of the carrying and the direction he is willing to learn from others more powerful than he. It is significant that the Kingfish came to the priest, that Coughlin did not go to Huey. It is equally significant that political Washington is looking upon Long with increasing seriousness.

VI

WHAT, THEN, can democratic Americans do? They can always, of course, demand that Coughlin be removed from the air; and it is quite possible that if the demand were sufficiently insistent the radio authorities would accede to the popular voice. That, however, assuming it could be accomplished in the face of the tremendous opposition it would arouse, would hardly add to the history of free speech. The Roman Catholic authorities could perhaps be prevailed upon to silence the man in some quiet, distant monastery. That, while being merely an ecclesiastical discipline, would nevertheless be a weak surrender of democratic principles. If the remedy is to be other than coercion, two things are necessary. First, there must come from Roman Catholic authorities a frank and clear statement of their attitude toward Coughlin. If he is speaking for himself alone, the Church should say so. If he is speaking the mind of the Church, that fact should be acknowledged. Second, organized religion should make its position just as clear on Fascism as it has done on communism. Is the Church for it or against it?

When they know exactly the Church's attitude towards Coughlin and Fascism, Americans can plan a defense against the enemies of democracy. If Coughlin and Fascism are disowned by organized religion, then the Detroit priest stands alone, speaking his own mind, and his words are worth no more than any other man's. Newspapers and magazines will no longer fear to question his truth, his sincerity, or his motives. Ridicule will help Coughlin very little, and it will be no sacrilege to ridicule a half-informed man who assumes to speak with authority on everything under heaven.

If, however, the Church gives her official blessing to Coughlin and to Fascism, the way will be open for those who have not lost faith in democracy to organize, to gird for battle. For, if religion sanctifies dictatorship, there will unquestionably be fearful, bloody battle. Only by preparing herself for the struggle can democracy hope to win the day.

Father Coughlin has been invited by the Editor to reply in THE FORUM to the Reverend Colony's charges.

RENAISSANCE IN AMERICAN ART

BY RALPH M. PEARSON

THE FEDERAL government has paid \$1,300,000 in salaries to 2,500 artists over a period of 5 months and now owns 15,000 works, including some 500 murals, which have been executed throughout the country. The same government now plans additional selective purchases through a special department of the Treasury to decorate buildings with, instead of the usual gold-leaf scrolls, murals and sculptures by the better artists. And New York City's Mayor announces plans for the embellishment (already under way) of the City's parks and for a municipal art center. These events are unique in American history. We had spent several hundred million dollars on plants and structures to house magnificently the works of dead artists, but never before had concern for the living artist reached a point where we would spend hard government cash to keep him, or rather his profession, alive and working.

In the beginning these expenditures were relief measures. Now they indicate, in the words of President Roosevelt, that "the progress of a country is measured by the opportunities it offers its citizens of leading a more abundant life." And this program may be evidence of a cultural flowering (such as took place in Mexico with the renaissance of mural painting) that may place the United States on a new level in the artistic world. Historical evidence points toward it.

Is this what is happening? I think it is. Without doubt we are now in the first stages of an indigenous cultural rebirth; the wave of excitement, induced by the government's program, which is sweeping the country testifies to this much. But the works so far produced do not prove the fact; they are the promise of what can happen and what will happen if this wave retains its vitality. And if the artistic value of the work which is being done rises it will

be because all the national intelligence, vision, and courage will have supplemented this excitement. There are plenty of disintegrating forces waiting to be overcome.

What is the ideal government program to assist Americans in leading a more abundant life through the medium of the visual arts? And what chance has that program of being instituted and sustained?

The ideal program is one which will jolt, push, lead, or, if necessary, blast the largest possible section of the American public into the experiencing of creative art. In other words the ideal program is one that will support the translating of ordinary human experience into pictorial drama, with the thrills, satisfactions, and challenges that come from contemplating an effectively controlled and plastically integrated expression or interpretation of subject. An interpretation is not a copy of surface facts as observed in a specific scene. It is a rebuilding into something new, with meanings and values added to the values of the actual subject.

This simple fact, true of all works of creative art, is frequently not understood. (Apparently it is not understood by the President, who is having his portrait painted by Frank O. Salisbury, an English naturalistic artist.) But it must be understood by the government before the government program for artists can give more than a promise of a cultural renaissance. For it is the values involved in the dramatization of subject and in the organization of all the elements of which subject is composed — lines, spaces, colors, and forms — into visual music that creates culture. Since our civilization has largely forgotten these values, it is with them that any rebirth must begin. It is on the reach of our creative power in these two fields that the distinction of an individual work or a national movement will depend.

THE RIGHT KIND OF REALISM

THIS SUPPORT of the creative, reorganizing artist has a corollary — the refusal to support the noncreative, fact-recording copyist even when technical skill, his chief call to fame, is superb. Pictures and sculptures of this type have no value beyond their technical and proxy values. To put it bluntly, they are not works of art in the modern and classical meaning of that much-abused word. They have none of the civilizing values of art. But the replica picture, because it allows the spectator to recognize what he already knows, thus making no new and strenuous demands upon his intelligence, is still widely popular. And the school of naturalistic artists is still in the majority. Can a democratic government get away with supporting a minority in art as safely as it inevitably does in finance?

The creative experience is a new adventure to the vast majority of American citizens. Any new experience, outside of love and physical adventure, is apt to be sturdily resisted. Governmental shoving and blasting, therefore, will be more or less unpopular. And yet if the program fails in that adventurous respect, if it leaves the aesthetic potentialities of the average citizen where they are now — starved for lack of sustenance, mired in the practical, sunk in the intellectual instead of the emotional response to art, enslaved by habit to the copying-nature school of the picture — it will have failed completely in the essentials of a renaissance; there will be no civilizing force at work. That is the impasse that imperils any genuine program — unpopularity on the one hand, devitalization on the other. Business surrenders to this block in the path of aesthetic progress with nothing more than a few advertising gestures of true progressivism. Idealistic individuals, groups, schools, associations, and so forth have their minority effects but cannot affect the vast bulk of majority stolidity. Public education falls down on its quantity job in spite of progressive individuals. Government is the last and only hope of a wide regenerative process.

Since a work of art will grip an individual or a people more powerfully if it deals with the realities of its life, the ideal program will avoid all escapes from reality into the idyllic day-

dream of innocuous romance. If, therefore, our dominant life interests are love, baseball, gangsters, public service, war, killing, kings, dictators, and bridge and if the dominant realities of the national daily life are starvation or the fear of it, misery, economic slavery, dull routine, conspicuous wealth, snobbery, fashion, greed, collective planning, idealism, and family quarrels, then these are the events that should be interpreted for us and fused into a color-and-form symphony by the creative artist. If history is the theme, as it will be in the murals planned for the main post-office building in Washington, this same contact with the realities of the past is the only possible means to a living art.

But *things* also make up our environment. Cabbages, airplanes, and hats, as well as kings and gangsters, have color and form, and there is no reason why they too should not be built into exciting creations in paint. The great enduring work will make us see these common things and events in a new way, with the added different, surprising, or maybe shocking values of creative plastic art. The major decorations at Rockefeller Center are puerile because they avoid all such contacts with embarrassing reality and escape to the perfect world of romance. The government, since it is dedicated to service instead of private gain, need not fear reality. When its decorations escape into romance, as they have done in the past, habit-ridden acceptance of a decadent tradition — not expediency — is the reason therefor.

HOW FAR HAVE WE ADVANCED?

THIS, THEN, is the ideal program. How much must it be compromised to survive the whirlpool of conflicting opinion that sets our national stage? How much is it being compromised in public projects already completed, under way, or planned? From watching the government and New York City programs at close range, from interviewing various public officials, and from knowing and talking with artists, I can draw some general and some specific conclusions. Let me briefly mention a few.

To date the most valuable social result of the public sponsorship of art has probably been the awakening of interest in it and of sense of contact with it which has taken place through-

out the country, on all intellectual and economic levels. Take the newspaper headlines as a barometer of this new life pulsing through the prematurely hardened arteries of our conventional attitude toward art. Here are a few chosen almost at random.

PWA PROJECT GIVES 2,500 ARTISTS WORK
GREAT PWA ART SHOW PLANNED
A PWA PROJECT STIRS A SCHOOL
TEN-YEAR GAIN IN ART UNDER PWA IS SEEN
STUDY OF ART RISES AS MAJOR SUBJECT
ART GIFT TO THE SCHOOLS
COST OF ART PROJECT HELD FULLY JUSTIFIED
CITY PARKS TO GET NEW ARTISTIC TONE
PUBLIC BUILDINGS TO GET NEW ART DEAL
FEDERAL BUILDINGS SEEK BEST IN ART

In the Corcoran Gallery exhibition of 500 PWA works of art, taken from the 15,000 then produced, a rough count showed those which dominantly belonged in the creative school to be slightly in the majority, as opposed to those definitely belonging in the naturalistic or copying school. This ascendancy of the creative gave a feeling of life to the whole exhibition, a sense that we were at last definitely breaking with the sterile copy of fact, at last daring aesthetic adventure. For their success in managing this venture as effectively and probably as selectively as possible, Edward Bruce, L. W. Roberts, Jr., of the Treasury, and Forbes Watson are to be congratulated.

The new government program for selecting artists of outstanding power to do specific decorations is under the direction of Edward Rowan of the Treasury, with Mr. Bruce as consulting expert. Mr. Rowan is an intelligent, alive, forward-looking young official, who knows that the cheesecloth-damsel school of mural painting is finished and that a new era is opening. Moreover he has painted creatively himself and assimilated the meanings of that experience — a prime requisite of intelligent judgment. Significant contemporary decoration dealing with the realities of American life may be expected under his direction — if intelligent official decisions are not diluted by a too-diversified advisory committee.

In New York City the park-embellishment

program is under the direction of Aymar Embury, II, consulting architect for the Park Department and the Port of New York Authority. Mr. Embury says he has the sole responsibility for decisions on the choice of artists, from those on relief rolls, for murals and sculptures in the parks.

In his bridge designs, which include the cement anchorages for the George Washington Bridge, Mr. Embury has created simple, modern, functional forms of great distinction. In his buildings, he still contradictorily favors period styles, approves decadent decorative stereotypes that are nonfunctional both as decoration and in spirit. He does not understand or value modern plastic organization in pictures or sculptures, its architectural harmonies with the building. He believes "the artist is a hired man paid to do a job, and he should do it to please his client." By these cultural lags in his conception of the architecture and decoration of modern buildings and of the function of the artist, Mr. Embury proves himself thoroughly unfit for responsibility in deciding a park decorative program. That Commissioner Moses and Mayor La Guardia have delegated responsibility to him is unfortunate and calls their own standards into question.

Finally, the Fine Arts Commissions in Washington and New York City, with Charles Moore and Jonas Lie at their respective heads, both represent the art standards of the last century and so delay the application of more advanced knowledge.

Definitely, then, an ideal government program in support of living art is in the process of realization in certain segments of the national scene. Definitely, also, there are powerful barriers to any awakening from the materialistic and romantic substitutes for true art experience which we have inherited from the nineteenth century. There is reason for hope, however, in so much breaking away from a decadent tradition and in so much experimentation in the new way. Intelligent judgment was never more timely nor more critically needed than now.

Further articles by Mr. Pearson on various aspects of American art today
will appear in succeeding issues.

BIRTHRIGHT IN ANDALUSIA

A Short Story

BY THEODORE PRATT

THIS SPANISH priest was a man. His full name was El Señor Don Vicario Miguel Torres y Calafell, but on the ship going over Kenton got to know him as the Vicario. That means priest in Spanish. Kenton didn't have any religion, but that didn't make any difference to the Vicario. They hit it off from the minute Kenton found him in the bar swigging a drink and reading his breviary, which was propped against a bottle of Seltzer water. "What'll you have?" the Vicario asked. Kenton told him. "O. K.," he said, and informed the barman.

Then they got talking.

His mission was about as crazy as any Kenton had ever heard of. Certainly it was dangerous. Only it didn't seem so to him. He never considered that. You don't think much of anything else when your birthright has been taken away from you and you're trying to get it back.

During the five years the Vicario had been attached to a Spanish church in the United States the Second Republic of Spain had come into being. The Church had been separated from the state with violent, almost indecent, alacrity. That meant priests were no longer paid by the government. Most of all it meant that their power had been shattered. They stepped down politically, were forced below socially, and even lost a good deal of ground religiously by antichurch propaganda. In the days of the monarchy what the priest of a small town said was the last and greatest word. He ranked above the mayor, above the police, above everybody.

All that was changed now. The Vicario knew it. He came from a small town himself and had once been the power there. He was going back to be the power again. He wouldn't stand for the new regime. His dark eyes gleamed in his red face when he thought of it. His stocky, well-fed body inside his black cloth shook with

resolve and indignation as he thumped his empty glass on the bar and said: "God damn them!" He meant the republicans, and what he said wasn't a curse but a solemn calling upon God to punish sin. He could make a lot of English swearwords and slang sound like prayers, and one of his greatest regrets was that Spanish didn't have much slang in it.

After a while he calmed down and found out that Kenton was a writer and had been to Spain before and was going back to find a place to live for a time and work.

"You have written about Spain?" he asked.

"A couple of books."

"Gracias," he said. "You have written well of her?"

"For the most part."

"Muy gracias. It is good in Andalusia, and you will find all you want in Cignes there. Come with me."

Kenton was tall, with fair hair and a nature that was ready for anything, and he took the train out of Alicante with the Vicario at seven in the morning. The third-class carriage was one long, open compartment with wooden seats running its width. There wasn't any corridor, and if you had to go to the lavatory you waited until you got to the next station. At Murcia they changed to the Twentieth Century, the Royal Scot, of Andalusia, a train that takes eleven hours to speed two hundred and ten miles across the province. It had, however, a corridor, and in it the other passengers stood to look at Kenton, a curious object because he was a foreigner. For hours they stood and stared. They went away, got their friends, and came back to stare with them. They didn't smile or joke or say anything but kept dead pans. Later Kenton went out to reverse the process and stare at them. They didn't get the joke.

The Vicario didn't pay any attention. He sat

in a corner huddled in his cape, with its edge carried up to cover his mouth. Kenton had never seen him like that before. On the ship he had been the life of the party. He could smell out any celebration being pulled off and he usually walked into the middle of it to tell the most uproarious stories with the gusto of one who enjoys life to the full. Now, back in his native land, he was glum and intent.

The Twentieth Century of Andalusia shuffled for half the morning through fragrant orange and lemon groves. When it came to three houses in a group it was so surprised that it stopped for fifteen minutes. When it came to anything approximating a village it collapsed for half an hour before racing on again. It left the lemons and oranges behind and entered an arid semidesert that looked a good deal like the Bad Lands of North Dakota. The trip became more boring than ever. Once the engineer himself was so bored that he stopped the train between stations to talk for a few minutes with a goatherd standing near the tracks.

Then the train achieved a record by stopping at a station where there was only one house, a sort of barn. The Vicario gathered his things together, announcing, "Cignes."

"My God!" Kenton said.

"Hombre!" the Vicario cautioned, "the town is over the hills."

A scared youth named Hilario, but no one else, was waiting for them. There wasn't room on the seat of Hilario's donkey cart for three, so Kenton sat in back on a sheepskin. Ahead, as they bumped along, he could hear the boy telling the Vicario what things were like now in Cignes. He expressed the opinion that the Vicario shouldn't have come back. "I'll show them!" the priest cried violently. "I'll put them in their places!"

The dry, brown little town came into view over the donkey's ears. The undersized stream that kept it alive sparkled weakly in the burning sun. The oversized church loomed largely, abnormally above the tile roofs. Compared with the small houses it was an exaggeration, a symbol of what the Vicario once stood for.

Kenton began to be aroused for the Vicario when the streets proved deserted and no one came to greet them. The few people they saw ducked into doorways at the sight or sound of the cart over the road.



Drawings by Lewis C. Daniel

The Vicario turned to Hilario. "Where are the people?" he asked. "The faithful."

"They are afraid," Hilario said.

The Vicario swore prayers in English.

II

THE INN turned out to be one of those medieval affairs that you can still see in remote parts of Spain. A long entranceway opened into a washed, cobblestone courtyard. Archways looped around this in ancient procession. A carved, wooden railing ran around the balcony of the second floor which led into rooms.

At the inner end of the entranceway there stood a girl.

She was about eighteen but she had the full, blooming figure of one who has matured quickly. Her eyes were as black as her hair, and the sharp color of her mouth in her pointed face was not artificial. She wasn't any tourist-poster Spanish beauty clad in a phony shawl and mantilla. She had on a light-green dress, and on her small feet were rust-colored *alpargatas*, the rope-soled canvas shoes of provincial Spain.

She stood there, quiescent, inanimate as marble, staring at the Vicario. At the sight of her he stopped almost as if he had been shot. From his mouth came the beginning of a hoarse cry. He cut it short to look, with the fixed eyes of a dead man, at her. Slowly the veins in his neck, next to his white, stiff collar, began

to stand out. The blood in his body could almost be heard pulsating. The expression of his eyes changed to a glare, though the rest of his face remained normal, almost soft. The cry he had begun to utter was the only speech Kenton ever heard him address to the girl. She said nothing as he brushed past her. She did not seem to notice Kenton as he followed.

In the courtyard there were wooden tables and chairs, and standing near them was a heavy-set man with a skin the texture of tobacco. He was unshaved and though his shirt had no collar he was absurdly dignified in a soiled frock coat. He, too, gave no word of greeting to the Vicario. He did not offer to shake hands. He was a man who seemed to have no emotions in him, which in a Latin means that he has deeper and stronger feelings than those who show them easily. He stared dully, waiting.

"Close your doors, Vicente," the Vicario said. "I want the place to myself."

In the old days this was no unusual procedure. Nor was it highhanded nor insulting. From such an important dignitary as the Vicario, it was an ordinary request to be obeyed as respectfully as it was made. But since the Vicario had made it last five years had passed, and the place of a Catholic monarchy had been taken by a freethinking republic.

Vicente gave a visible start. That made him feel, made him react. "Señor," he said, "things like that are no longer supported in Spain."

"Things in Spain," the Vicario quietly differed, "are the same as they have always been."

"Now you are the priest without the state. I am the mayor for the state."

"You? You are the mayor?"

Vicente drew himself up in his frock coat. "Yes, Señor."

"All the more reason you will close your doors, Vicente!"

"No, Señor."

Instantly the Vicario moved forward. One step he took toward the man and would have taken another had not a sound from behind arrested him. He whirled to see that the doors were being closed by the girl. She knew better what to expect, what would be best to do for him than did Vicente.

Vicente made no protest. He hated it but

he took it.

"Now," the Vicario said, "the extranjero and I will dine well. See that the wine is good."

They dined very well indeed. The wine was excellent. They were served by the girl. She placed the dishes before them soberly, sometimes with downcast eyes but always with the slow grace of the Andalusian. The Vicario didn't look at her, but at the end of the meal he jerked his head in her direction as she disappeared toward the kitchen. Reaching forward, he placed his hand on Kenton's arm and asked: "Like that?"

"She's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

"Well, you can't have it."

"How do you know I want it?"

"Your eyes. Your voice. Your muscles."

"Well, what about it?"

"You can have anything else here you want but not that."

Kenton thought there was something special in the way he was warned off. He didn't say anything because he knew the Vicario would tell him.

"It's a sob story," the priest said.

Kenton waited again.

"Her name is Juana," the Vicario went on. "That was her mother's name. Her mother was the woman I loved as a boy. The sun of Andalusia is hot and stirs the blood. I was punished for my sin when I had nothing to offer her and we could not marry. God forgive us both, for she had to choose Vicente."

Kenton sat up in his chair and stared at the Vicario. "Then Juana is — ?"

"Her mother told her before she died. That is why she is so strange with me. Vicente has never known for sure, but he suspects. In remorse I entered the Church. When the girl began to grow up I couldn't stand it here. I went to America. But now I have returned. I can't set that right, but there are other things." The intent expression of fierce resolve came to his face again.

III

KENTON STAYED at the inn, establishing himself in a room on the second floor. The Vicario moved into the house connected with the oversized church, with Hilario and his aunt to wait upon him. He lost no opportunity

to impress upon Vicente and the rest of the town that the Republic had changed nothing. He preached against the new regime and gave courage to his wandering flock. He dashed about the countryside on a donkey to argue, to threaten, to inveigle. Many came back to profess themselves openly. Under new leadership they formed a minority party that could, in a crisis, make itself felt.

Vicente and his cohorts waited silently, like tormented bulls watching for an opportunity to charge. Some of his followers, however, were voluble in their indignation and protests. Feeling in the town ran high, creeping slowly but inevitably toward a point of explosion. Added to the smoldering fires was the violence being done all over Spain in those hectic days. Churches were stripped of their riches and desecrated. Monasteries and nunneries were attacked and destroyed. Nuns who had been cloistered for years were forced from their retreats and returned, frightened, to their families. When a man entered a room in which they sat, they turned their faces miserably to the wall. The Vicario pointed them out as innocent victims of a sinful age. He shouted to the housetops there would be one place in Spain where God would be remembered as in the past and that place would be Cignes.

Kenton often wondered what Juana thought about what was happening. He wondered what she thought about a lot of things, about himself in particular. He rarely spoke to her, for she would not speak to him except about the cold matters of what he needed in his room and what he would have for meals. But their eyes met, at first occasionally, then more often. By that method they held unacknowledged but deep and passionate conversations. Kenton saw that she was starved for human warmth, for friendship, for understanding, for love. He realized that he was in love in the way he had always dreamed about.

He found out what Juana thought of several things one night when he heard a faint scratching at his door. When he opened it he was sharply aroused to see her standing there. She was clad in the long, bright dress of an older Spanish day. In her hair were flowers, and around her shoulders was a soft shawl. She stared at him for an instant from a face drained of blood and then swiftly passed into the room,

indicating that he should close the door.

They faced each other, and he was eager, and she was terror-stricken. "He's mad," she said. "Mad!"

He knew at once that she spoke of the Vicario, that she was afraid for the man who was her father. "What has he done?" he asked.

"He has ordered the people to pay to the church the same as they give to the government."

"What will happen?"

"They will kill him. I am sure of it. Vicente —" she trembled, and her slim hands fluttered out like white birds pleading.

He caught them, stilling her flesh. It was the first time he had touched her and it made him want to lay down his life for her. "No," he said, "he is stronger than they. They dare not harm him."

"You think that?"

"I am certain of it." He was very doubtful of it.

But she believed him with her eyes, and was reassured. Releasing her hands she stepped back. They stared at each other once more.

"You're lovely," Kenton breathed.

She glanced down at her costume. "I have been to a fiesta," she said. Then she looked up again, resting her eyes on him, trusting him, waiting for what he should do next.

In that instant Kenton knew that she was his to take from this place, his to keep as long as existence lasted for both of them. He took a step toward her, and still she waited, without moving, his then for the reaching out. But he did not reach out. He stopped before the shadow of the Vicario and the echo of the priest's words. "You can't have that." He knew he wouldn't have it as long as the priest lived and fought in danger.

Now the Vicario intruded between them. They both knew this, and Kenton acknowledged it. "I will do what I can," he said, "because you want it."

"Gracias a Dios."

She turned, her wide skirt swished out, and she was gone.

IV

KENTON WORRIED about what he could do. He realized how futile it would be to reason with the Vicario. But he could figure out

nothing else. The Vicario went ahead militantly, slashing about him on all sides. He collected his taxes from some, threatened with excommunication those who did not pay. Daily the hot talk at the *posada* grew. Nights under the purple lamps of the courtyard it became more violent. He listened to men declaiming. "The Church is the enemy of man! Down with the priest!"

It was toward the end of the consumption of an entire bottle of strong wine on one of these nights that Kenton saw a way. The alcohol stimulated his brain into the belief that, if the popular opinion against the Vicario could be turned toward someone else, it might save him. There was a method for that, dangerous but certain to be effective.

Kenton looked around. Juana had gone to bed. He listened to the talk and the boasting for a moment more. Tonight the monarchial



contingent sounded louder than before, with more wavering toward it. Slowly, methodically, Kenton rose to his feet. He began to make a speech. At first no one heard or listened to him. After a minute or two, however, everybody paid very close attention. He had heard, Kenton announced, all this talk about the Monarchy vs. the Republic. He had heard so much of it that he was sick of it. It bored him. All they did was talk. Why didn't they do something? Were they afraid? He proposed that they settle it, once and for all, right now. The way to settle it was to take a vote. All in favor of the Republic would raise their hands.

Hands went up. Kenton counted. All in favor of the Monarchy would make the same indication. Hands went up. Kenton counted again.

"The Monarchy," he announced, "wins by three votes!"

During the next few seconds there was an acute silence. The men had been so astonished by the unprecedented gesture on the part of a foreigner that they had voted instinctively. But at the result they broke loose. Jabbering and shouting, democrats and monarchists alike began to abuse Kenton for taking such a liberty with their affairs. A soggy lemon caught Kenton square in the face. He didn't object. A bottle whizzed past one ear. Various objects began coming with speed in his direction.

Suddenly they stopped coming. A hand was laid on his shoulder. Two *guardias civil*, the green-and-yellow-clad national guards of Spain, had appeared. Kenton was informed that he was under arrest for fomenting sedition and causing a disturbance. He would come with them. He looked at the two *guardias* and at their rifles. He knew that they could shoot at the slightest resistance to them and ask questions afterward. He looked at the angry faces about him. He saw that of Vicente, stolid, expressionless, a mask. He went.

In the morning Kenton, pacing the stone floor of a damp prison cell, felt happy. It was a peculiar way for him to feel, for it is very easy to get into jail in Spain and very difficult to get out. Officials have a way of forgetting you for months on end. They bring up your case when they get, at their leisure, around to it and not before. Even then it takes a section of a lifetime to settle it. He could expect that and more for what he had done. But he didn't regret it. For it would center the local situation on him and take attention away from the Vicario.

His satisfaction was disturbed by the entrance, into the corridor, of the two guards who had arrested him. It was disrupted at the sight of the man who accompanied them, the Vicario.

Before the Vicario could say anything, Kenton pled in English: "Go away. I don't want you."

"I've come to get you out of this."

"I don't want to get out of it. I want to stay here. It's a fine place. I can work here. I can't work at the *posada* with Juana around. Leave me alone."

"You forget," the Vicario said, "that it is I who put you here or take you out."

"You?"

"And I was not consulted. Therefore, you must be set free."

"Keep out of it, Vicario! Keep out of it!"

"Once again understand," the Vicario said in his own language to the two *guardias*, "you are to release the extranjero."

One guard shook his head stubbornly. The other nervously fingered the key to Kenton's cell. "That is impossible, Señor Vicario."

"It shall be done at once!"

"These things are now matters for the state alone, Señor Vicario."

The Vicario's eyes burned in his beet-red face. "Francisco," he told the first guard, "I taught you in school. Jaime," he reminded the second *guardia*, "I rapped your knuckles when you didn't know the prayers. I am now going to take that key away from you. You can shoot me if you dare. But, if you so much as touch me, your soul will go deep into hell!"

The Vicario reached out. The key came away in his hand. He thrust it into the lock, ground the bolt free, swung open the barred door.

The *guardias civil* shivered inside their glittering uniforms. Their fingers moved toward their carbines. Then they stopped. Silently they swallowed their pride and their dignity, than which there is none greater in the world.

"Come out," the Vicario told Kenton.

Kenton came out. It would do no good to stay now, and he could not spoil the Vicario's victory.

Back at the *posada* he saw Juana. He looked at her regretfully and he made a helpless gesture to indicate his failure.

"Thank you," she breathed. "But it was foolish. They might have hurt you."

He said: "I would do it again."

V

THE VICARIO came to the inn late that afternoon after the hours of siesta, when the air was no longer like steam but merely hot. He sat with Kenton at one of the tables in the courtyard and drank jerez but he didn't flaunt his power. He simply accepted it as his right. This was the way things had been once. This was the way he ordained them again.

At first there were not many other people in the courtyard of the *posada*. On the side of Kenton and the Vicario a few monarchists sat at the tables. On the other side there were perhaps half a dozen individuals of the opposite persuasion. Vicente sidled about in his frock

coat, obsequiously serving drinks. Juana appeared, went away, appeared again. Kenton followed her every movement. The Vicario seemed to be unaware of her existence. Except for the girl's watching, everything appeared as usual.

Then more men came, singly and in pairs, to join those who sat on the opposite side. They did not glare or scowl at the enemy across the way. It could hardly be noticed that they glanced at them, and they paid them no further attention. But their growing presence generated an air of expectancy about the place, a sense of something about to happen.

The Vicario took no notice. He sipped his drink and smoked his cigar. To all outward appearances his peace of mind was as undisturbed as his campaign for the old order. Kenton fidgeted in his chair. He wanted what was to happen to start happening. He hated this waiting and didn't see how the Vicario could stand it so imperturbably. He must know that the incident at the jail had precipitated a crisis, that this was it. But, if he did, he seemed to be content that it should come about in this way.

Finally it happened. But it wasn't what Kenton expected. He had pictured fists and the use of his own. But Vicente got dressed up in a collar and tie to go with his mayoral frock coat. With two of his cohorts, Vicente advanced across the courtyard and stopped, dramatically, about ten feet away. Everyone left off talking to listen and watch. Vicente, in a tone of elaborate officiousness, said: "Señor Don Vicario Miguel Torres y Calafell."

The Vicario did not rise as he would have done in recognition that he was being addressed by a superior or an equal. Merely turning in his chair, he acknowledged: "Señor Don Alcalde Vicente Llobera."

Vicente proceeded to make a speech. It was a sort of political speech and a good deal for the benefit of his supporters. It was very flowery and it was only when the skeleton of it was taken out and put together without the trimmings that what he said became clear. He pointed out that the state had one function and the Church another. The jurisdiction of neither met with that of the other. The Vicario was breaking the law by trying to make it so. That must cease. It must cease immediately.

When Vicente had finished and stood waiting for a reply, the Vicario calmly announced: "The Church will proceed as she has always proceeded."

The tobacco of Vicente's face remained impassive, but the hate he possessed on a double score for the Vicario broke in his voice as he said: "Then I cannot, Señor, be responsible for the consequences."

"Those who make consequences," replied the Vicario, "will be responsible for them."

Vicente stood for a moment more as though he would speak again, not wishing to end upon the other's last word. Then he bowed. The Vicario bowed. Vicente returned to the body of his followers and spoke briefly before taking up his duties of serving drinks.

Kenton waited again.

One by one the men at the other side of the courtyard rose and left. This was not unusual, for the quick dusk of Andalusia, when it is time for the evening meal, had already begun. Nor was it unusual when Juana left through the entranceway of the inn, for she often went in search of food at this time.

Several men on their side of the courtyard departed. "Adios," they said to the Vicario and Kenton. "Adios," they replied, but no one said very much else. Vicente, minus collar and tie, innkeeper again, filled their glasses and disappeared into the kitchen.

Peace descended upon the *posada*, an uneasy peace in which Kenton could not thoroughly believe. He wanted to think that the Vicario, sitting there so determined and so adamant, had won out again, in a greater and more decisive way. But he could not entirely accept this. He did not speak his thoughts to the priest. The Vicario did not mention his. They sat and savored the wine.

VI

IT WAS ALMOST completely dark when into the courtyard of the *posada* there streaked an excited figure. It was that of Hilario, the boy who had met them on the day of their arrival. He ran to them and flung himself at the Vicario's feet. "The church!" he sobbed. "They are setting fire to the church!"

For a long moment the Vicario didn't move. He sat there and in a low voice he said something which is a way of expressing things that he had learned in America. "O. K.," he murmured. "O. K." Then he ceased to hesitate. He didn't question whether or not Kenton and the men who had remained at tables nearby were with him. He shot to his feet, pulled his robes to his knees, and called, "Come on!"

They ran through streets alive with the cries of people. In the midst of them they heard Juana. She stopped them and when she spoke hurriedly to Kenton she was in reality address-



ing the Vicario. "The guardias," she panted. "They won't come. They won't stop them."

With this information they rushed on, and Kenton, glancing back, saw that the girl was following.

There isn't much to burn about a stone church, but there is enough. The doors will burn; the tapestries, the paintings, and the confessionals will flame; the roof will blaze; and the altar will make an inferno if chairs are piled on either side and soaked with gasoline. The walls will even collapse if a thorough job is done in this way.

They were throwing gasoline on great bundles of dry twigs piled against the high side doors when Kenton got there with the Vicario. They drove in and began pulling the bundles away.

From somewhere else came the crackle of flames. Those preparing for fire did not intend that they should be stopped. Kenton received a blow on the side of his head that sent him stumbling. He caught his balance to knock a lighted torch from a hand that was about to apply it. From another he grabbed a can and flung it far to one side. Then he grappled with two assailants.

The Vicario and others fought until there was a general melee with no one to put a stop to it. When the great pile of twigs finally leapt into hot life they had to move back. Farther and farther from the growing heat the struggling figures moved.

They fought on until the voice of a girl among them screamed: "The church! Look! The church!"

Kenton loosened his hold on the throat of a man, who sloughed convulsively at him with arms and legs, and looked. The others left off their struggles and gazed.

The church was lighted inside as if for a great function. From the roof smoke was pouring, and through it in several places fire licked. The doors, already twisted in their agony, were masses of flame. Now they were swinging back, as if miraculously, to reveal the high altar for which the fire was reaching ravenously. A steady roar could be heard, and the structure seemed a live and enormous protesting thing.

Kenton sought the Vicario, found him standing a few feet away. His robes were torn, blood

was upon his face, and he was breathing hard. When he took in fully the sight before him, the priest's shoulders gave way, and his chin sank to his chest. For a long time he stayed that way. Kenton sensed his defeat, that this was the end. The birthright of his cloth was vanishing before his very eyes, and the new order in the end had proved the stronger.

Kenton watched as, to the fierce melody of the burning church, the Vicario straightened. A calm came to his face in which there was reflected his former resolve. His expression seemed to say that one way remained to shame his enemies, to sear in turn upon them what they had done. He stared at the bright edifice before him, and it lighted his face with a golden glow. Then, his shoulders square, his head high, he began to walk toward it, toward the open, burning doors.

Ten paces he took before Kenton fully realized what he meant to do. Then Kenton started after him, to bring him back from the madness. But a small, strong hand on his arm stopped him. He turned to see Juana's stricken face and hear, from her throat strangled with emotion: "Can you not see that with this he is dead already?"

Fascinated with horror he stood with her and watched while the Vicario continued his march. The rest of the crowd seemed too awed to stop him or cry out. Through the doors he went. His cape caught fire, but without pausing he dropped it and went on.

Straight to the altar, now burning on both sides, he went. On the steps he genuflected. He rose to walk without shrinking to the platform before the altar. There he began a curious series of movements. He was saying mass.

People in the crowd knelt on the ground and crossed themselves. Others prayed on their feet. Some cursed as a martyr was created before them.

Side by side Kenton and Juana stood, holding each other close, unable to keep their eyes from the sight of it. Inside the church the host was being elevated as if in adoration of the flames. Below the roof already sagging for its fall, the Vicario turned and toward them made the signs of his blessing. There was a moment, and then there was a resounding crash. Sparks flew upward, and after they had died away the light from the flaming church began to dwindle.

IS VIVISECTION INHUMANE?

A Debate

RAGNA B. ESKIL AND IRENE CASTLE MCLAUGHLIN

"No"—MISS ESKIL

TO THE STUDENT of medical history, the present agitation in Chicago over whether dogs left unclaimed in the municipal pound may be used by the medical schools and hospitals for research purposes seems much like the agitation that went on for several hundred years as to whether the medical colleges might use human cadavers for dissection in their student laboratories.

Our limited knowledge of the human body has come slowly; it is still coming slowly. The past did little experimenting; most primitive peoples regarded the dead body as taboo. Hippocrates, the genius, made the first recorded dissections. Galen, six centuries later, felt he could get his knowledge from animals, and for more than a thousand years the doctors looked at the inside of a sheep or a dog to learn what the inside of a man looked like. No wonder their pictures were wrong, and barbers were the surgeons. Then came the Renaissance, and the inquiring Vesalius, who demonstrated that the human anatomy is different, and Van Leeuwenhoek, who invented the compound microscope.

A new world opened for the anatomists. Condemned murderers no longer needed burial space—their bodies quickly reached the dissecting tables. But crime did not keep pace with the increasing number of those seeking to explain human ills. A bootlegging industry grew up. "Body snatchers" its practitioners were called, and, for a price and no questions asked, they visited fresh graves at night. There was tremendous scandal. In Edinburgh the doctors in Surgeons' Square were enthusiastically stoned.

A campaign of education became necessary. "Who will make a voluntary offering of his

body for the sake of suffering humanity?" was the slogan. Jeremy Bentham willed his, and ninety-nine gentlemen in Dublin did likewise. Eventually in 1832 the Anatomy Bill was passed by Parliament.

This country, too, had its difficulties. A medical school was deemed a nuisance. There were not enough deceased paupers to go around, and exhuming became a business. Boston had to import from New York. The cost was \$25 per body, and the students would chip in to pay it.

Then in 1846 was developed ether, the greatest advance, next to the discovery of germs, that medical science has had. Now the doctor could explore the living body; he did not need to wait for the finality of death. He could for the first time watch disease in the making; he could hope that he could arrest it or at least alleviate it; he might even learn how to prevent it.

But who could be his subjects? Not humans, obviously. Not at first, anyway, for the experimenter, groping for the truth, was certain to make mistakes. Then who? The lower animal forms that we slaughtered for food or pelt or that we robbed of freedom to serve us or to keep us company or to look at in a zoo. Then, when the result seemed justified, the experimenter could try the experiment on himself or some other volunteer or on some sufferer doomed otherwise to die.

The life expectancy of man increased from about thirty years in 1845 to sixty years in 1935, and the doctors give animal experimentation the credit. They cite smallpox vaccination, diphtheria antitoxin, typhoid vaccination, ethylene, the control of scarlet fever, the liver treatment for pernicious anemia, our knowledge of vitamins and nutrition, and the knowledge of how the various body organs do their work and how they are affected in disease.

It must not be understood, however, that there was no animal vivisection before 1846. There had been in Hippocrates' time and, sporadically, up through the centuries. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood by vivisection on dogs. One hates to imagine the suffering, but then humans who had to undergo amputations were held down by brute force, with such insensibility as strong drink or opiates could give. Certain "humanitarians" had been against animal vivisection always, and now, with the increased number of animal experiments possible with anesthesia, they became vociferous. John Call Dalton, who later was President of Columbia University, and Henry Pickering Bowditch, first full-time Professor of Physiology at Harvard University, were two of the first doctors under attack. In England Parliament had to take a hand with the Act of 1876, officially permitting vivisection in medical schools. Throughout Europe similar official recognition was given. Since then there have been waves of propaganda against vivisection every so often, but science has always won.

In this country no concerted national movement against vivisection was instituted until the Christian Science Church was founded, although humane societies in all states of the union had secured legislation against cruelty to animals which included provision for abuse in vivisection. The sniping had been chiefly by quack doctors and pseudoscientific cults which have to belittle everything that recognized medicine does in order to justify their own existence.

THE BATTLE IS JOINED AGAIN

THIS WAS THE general situation when two antivivisection societies that have their headquarters in Chicago galvanized into headline activity some eight or nine years ago. The Illinois Antivivisection Society hired a publicity man as its Executive Secretary, with instructions to earn his salary, and the National Antivivisection Society fell heir to several million dollars left by a widow whose fortune had been secured, oddly enough, from the profits of a tannery.

Now Chicago is one of the great medical centers of the world. It has four Class A medical schools — the University of Chicago, the

University of Illinois, Northwestern University, and Loyola University — and a number of hospitals doing world-famous research. For the past fifteen years the City Council has allowed these schools and hospitals to get the dogs they need free of charge from the city pound. The practical-minded Council reasoned that, since the unclaimed dogs left longer than three days would have to be killed anyway, the universities might as well get them.

Here was meat for the antivivisectionists. They lobbied two bills against subhuman experimentation in Springfield that failed. Then they turned their attention to the Chicago pound and, abetted by Mr. Hearst's *Herald and Examiner*, have been asking for the repeal of the city ordinance. Their arguments, though, seem muddled. First they are against vivisection; next they say the matter of vivisection is outside the question — all they want is that "taxpayers' strayed pets, if unclaimed, should meet a painless death at the tax-supported municipal shelter." At this writing the bill has not come to vote.

The universities are not taking the campaign lightly or as a local matter. They aver that, whatever other pretexts may be made, animal experimentation is the issue under fire and they are afraid of the amount of money the paid antivivisection employees have to spend and of their announcement that they are ready to carry the campaign into twenty states. The American College of Surgeons has issued a booklet on *Animal Experimentation — Its Importance and Value to Scientific Medicine*, and the American Medical Association has also entered the lists. Banting, of insulin fame, and other foreign scientists of high reputation have written vigorously in defense of animal research. Neither group is trying to convert the other. Rather, both are appealing to that great mass of the public that has not yet passed judgment.

IS THIS FALSE EMOTIONALISM?

THE ARGUMENTS of the antivivisectionists boil down to these: vivisection has been of no scientific benefit that could not have been achieved some other way; vivisection is cruel; vivisection of dogs is most abhorrent.

Well, as a layman who has to take somebody's word on the benefits of animal experi-

mentation, I take that of the doctors. If the antivivisectionists had an eminent list of scientists on their side, I might have my doubts, but they parade Samuel Johnson of Queen Anne's time, John Ruskin and Thomas Carlyle of Queen Victoria's with such contemporaries as George Bernard Shaw, George Arliss, and Mary Pickford. There is not one doctor of recognized standing in the lot. I think most persons of common sense will agree that the members of any profession are the best judges of *how* the work of that profession should be done. And I fancy that, if it is ever found that medical science can get along without animal experimentation, it will be a doctor and not a playwright or a movie actor who discovers the way.

Now as to the statement that vivisection is cruel. The doctors say that, in ninety per cent of the operations performed, the animals are put under anesthesia the moment they reach the table and given a killing dose before they leave it. They suffer no pain. In fact death this way is easier on the dogs than is the death administered at the city pound, where the animals are collected in an airtight chamber to which the exhaust gas from an automobile is passed. It sometimes takes half an hour for the dogs to die by this method.

Of the ten per cent used in survival experiments, nine per cent suffer little distress. One of these survival dogs was fourteen years old when he died; others have been used for four, five, and six years. I saw a number of them. They were happy and friendly and the pets of their keepers and of the doctors. They consider it a trick to jump up on the table and assume the right position for observation. Moreover the doctors say that a dog which has had an appendectomy does not suffer as a human does when he comes from under the anesthesia. He plays about and is ready for the next meal.

As to the one per cent that suffer pain. No one regrets their suffering more than the doctors, but this suffering is necessary to prevent the suffering of thousands of humans. For instance the doctors who are trying to alleviate the pain of angina pectoris in humans have to induce the pain of angina pectoris in dogs. There is no other way without using humans, and the doctors place a higher value on a

human life than they do on a dog's life. And so I think does every one who would not deify the dog as the ancients deified the bull and the elephant.

To counterbalance the small amount of suffering they have caused the higher sub-human animals, the scientists point out, they have saved millions of these animals from their own painful diseases. Animal experimentation has given cures for hog cholera, blackleg in cattle, anthrax in horses, and distemper and rabies in dogs. Even an antivivisectionist could not call these insignificant achievements.

But, ask the dog lovers, why use the dog? Because, answer the scientists, the dog in some respects is more like man than is any other animal. He eats much the same kind of food, and his intestinal system is consequently much the same. Hence, in attaining experience in the performing of certain delicate intestinal operations, a dog is the only substitute that can be used. Certainly, if anyone I knew had to have a perilous intestinal operation, I should like to feel that the surgeon was not doing his first job of that sort.

In Chicago the antivivisectionists have been making a great hullabaloo about the poor man's pet being vivisected while the rich can bail his out. The doctors say that few of the dogs they get are pets — pound dogs are chiefly strays — and the pets have usually been deliberately "lost" by their owners on account of inability to keep them longer. What, ask the doctors, of the inhumanity of owners who will thrust their dogs out into the streets? And the three or four times a year when an owner has appeared at a university seeking his pet and when it was there, the university has gladly given it to him. At the pound it would have been killed immediately the three days of grace were up.

But the worst indictment, I think, against the antivivisectionists is that they make no effort to ascertain the facts in this controversy. The scientists have invited their officials to investigate, but no one has accepted; if he has come incognito, he has never said so in a public statement. The allegations the antivivisectionists make are hearsay — emotionalism rampant under the guise of humanitarianism. The trouble is that emotional dog lovers read their hearsay and believe it.

“Yes”—MRS. McLAUGHLIN

WHILE I CANNOT refuse a challenge to present my views as an antivivisectionist, I do so with much trepidation at this time. Indeed, it is most unfortunate for the cause that now claims my efforts that I am opposed to vivisection. It means that many sincere men and women who are working shoulder to shoulder with me in Chicago to abolish the Arvey Ordinance will be dubbed antivivisectionists — though their opinions on that subject may differ materially from mine. It also enables our opponents to point to our battle and say, “You see, she is just trying to stop vivisection. She is willing to sacrifice babies for dogs.” When my opponents make this charge, they are granting me more courage than I possess. I do not believe that I — or any group of individuals living today — can stop vivisection. It will continue as long as the average human being believes this practice may prolong his life or that the results may, at some time in the future, minimize physical pain for him.

Under the terms of the Arvey Ordinance all unredeemed dogs taken in by the Chicago pound are to be given at the end of five days to the various medical schools and laboratories to be used for vivisection. Now the dog owners of Chicago — like dog owners elsewhere — are composed of two main groups — a minority group opposed wholeheartedly to vivisection and a majority group which “supposes” it is necessary but is definitely unwilling to surrender its *own* pets for that purpose. Both factions here in Chicago are united in wishing to see the Chicago dog pound run as humanely as possible and in protesting against an ordinance which inflicts an injustice on the dog owner — whatever his general views on the subject of vivisection may be.

However, if he raises his voice to demand that the pound be run for his convenience and the protection of his pet, the Chicago medical profession, as a body, shouts, “Antivivisectionist!” and accuses him of responsibility for all infant mortality within the city limits. The same medical men also announce that the efforts of this citizen are being financed by two antivivisection societies endowed by misguided millionaires. I should like to state here and

now that not one penny has been donated by these societies to abolish the Arvey Ordinance. They have refused their support on the very just grounds that repeal of this ordinance will *not* abolish or even materially check vivisection.

MEDICAL HISTORY DISTORTED

I FIND Miss ESKIL’s opening arguments, in which she reviews the history of dissection and vivisection, less lucid than those that follow. In her second paragraph she comments pityingly on the thousand-year period during which “doctors looked at the inside of a sheep or a dog to see what the inside of a man looked like” and adds, “No wonder their pictures were wrong, and barbers were the surgeons”! She hails the advance of medical science when doctors turned from animals to human bodies and then with equal enthusiasm greets the doctors’ return to the dissection of animals. During the earlier period to which she refers, I gather that the sheep and the dogs were dead animals. Today it is the inside of live sheep and live dogs that are so absorbing the medical profession. Can it be possible that, if, as Miss Eskil avers, the inside of a dead sheep and a dead dog are totally different from the inside of a human, that of a live sheep and a live dog are startlingly similar?

Miss Eskil, in speaking of the efforts of antivivisectionists to abolish or restrict vivisection, does not mention the fact that, one by one, every major city in the United States has closed its pound doors to medical laboratories (New York did this in 1893), until Chicago stands alone in her civic encouragement of vivisection.

My opponent has made one statement with which I heartily agree, where she says: “I fancy that, if it is ever found that medical science can get along without animal experimentation, it will be a doctor and not a playwright or a movie actor who discovers the way.” I only wish that the doctors would accept this statement as a challenge from both Miss Eskil and myself. If every doctor and medical student who has come to me relating the horrors of the vivisection laboratories and asking *me* to do something about it would shout *his* views from the housetops, our troubles would be nearly over.

WHAT DOCTORS THINK

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that vivisection laboratories and commercialized serums represent large investments of money. If a doctor is courageous enough to raise his voice in even a modified protest against wholesale vivisection and offer his solution — what happens? He is condemned by his fellow medicos as a crazed quack, treated as a pariah, and immediately ousted from the American Medical Association. In spite of the penalty, more doctors than I have space to quote have voiced their protests. As a single example, I give Dr. William Howard Hay, who, after graduating from New York University, practiced surgery for sixteen years. The following expression of his opinion on vivisection caused him to be expelled from the American Medical Association:

Herewith is my opinion of vivisection. . . . My own familiarity with the practice during my preparation for medicine convinced me that those experiments are undertaken in medical schools merely to make an impressive course, not to prove anything, for each experiment was merely a demonstration of things already well known, as a rule.

Thus, useless experiments embodying the greatest cruelty were repeated before class after class, ad infinitum and ad nauseam, till their cruelties became so revolting to many members of the classes that some stayed away rather than witness them.

I know of nothing that has ever been developed through vivisection that could not much better be proved in other and less cruel ways and verily believe that there is now apparent a realization of both the cruelties and the uselessness of the practice that will never down till it is made a felony to cut alive any animal with knives, burn it or roast it to death, smother it, starve it, or in any way maltreat it in the name of science . . . I will do all in my power to assist in any way efforts to lay before the public the now well concealed and misrepresented facts of the vivisection laboratories.

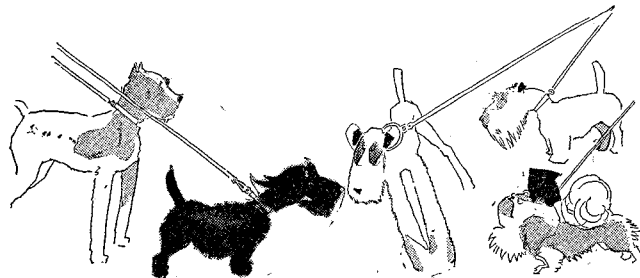
I am now going to call upon another doctor to answer the frequent assertion of vivisectionists, that animals do not suffer in medical laboratories. Allow me to present Dr. Alexander Glass, of the University of Pennsyl-

vania, who is equally outspoken:

I hold no brief for either side of the vivisection controversy. The views of both vivisectionists and antivivisectionists are diametrically opposed to one another and are the honest opinions of clear-thinking, intelligent people. I have many good friends on either side, and their opinions demand respect. As a student of medicine, however, and, later, a veterinary practitioner and teacher, with many years of intimate contact with, and observation of, the dog in health and disease, I ask the vivisectional side of the controversy at least to omit the old gag that "the dog suffers no pain."

Better come out in the open and, while stating that these experiments are performed in an effort to perfect some new technique of surgery, or for purposes of observation, frankly acknowledge that the animal suffers as much as does the human, without the consolation of knowing that his suffering is for his ultimate good.

I cannot close my case without answering what Miss Eskil considers her worst indictment of the antivivisectionists — that we make no efforts to ascertain the facts in this controversy. I have never visited the laboratories in person because I knew that, if I did, either I would not be admitted or I would be shown only what the doctors wanted me to see. (I confess Miss Eskil's suggestion of a disguise had not hitherto occurred to me.) I have, however, sent representatives in whom I had confidence and recently I read the report of one of these representatives over the radio. Moreover, I have myself handled close to a hundred dogs, smuggled in from time to time from a leading Chicago medical school to my Refuge by a soft-hearted doctor, and can personally testify as to the distressing mental and physical condition of these animals. In the kitchen of our Refuge is a table upon which we place dogs when some simple doctoring is necessary. I can truthfully swear that not one of these laboratory dogs ever showed any predisposition to leap on that table, in spite of Miss Eskil's assertion that the laboratory dogs she saw fought for that opportunity.



SPRING BOOKS IN REVIEW

BY MARY M. COLUM

BY A LONG way the two most significant books in this spring's catalogue* are Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River* and Francis Hackett's *Francis the First*. The first-mentioned is a book that by a stretch might be called a novel but which actually belongs to all literary forms; the other is a biography of the French king who with the Henry the Eighth of the volume previously published made a dramatic debut into European history in the Renaissance splendor of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Both Wolfe's book and Hackett's have behind them minds of magnificent abundance and imaginations that stake a great deal on the value of a warm, rich vocabulary. There, naturally, resemblance ends, though both writers may be said to have brought a new life into their respective genres.

Excessive enthusiasm for current literature is not a usual characteristic of these pages of THE FORUM, so perhaps my readers will be more likely to put faith in the opinion now expressed here that Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River* is one of the best books ever produced in America, one of the three or four most original books produced in the last decade or so, and the most successful attempt since Joyce and Proust to instill new blood and life into that withered literary form, the novel. The term novel is here used only for convenience and because the book is so classified in the spring lists, but it is practically a new form, made up of a combination of many older

literary forms — poetry, oratory, biography, autobiography, criticism, the story, and the essay — all woven together, all kneaded together, into one grand pattern to give this writer's revelation of life. Like everything truly original that is produced in any art, it is by one learned in his own art, who loves it and all the masters of it to the marrow of their bones.

There is a passage, in the portion of the book called "Proteus," where the hero contemplates on a rich man's bookshelves the great work of all the dead, lying there unread, from Aeschylus to Poe, where he imagines the mighty dead speaking to him who is bursting with dreams of giving tongue to America:

What power is there on earth, in sea or in heaven, what power have you in yourself, you son of your unuttered fathers, to find tongue for your unuttered brothers and to make a frame, a shape, a magic and eternal form out of the jungle of the great unuttered wilderness from which you came, of which you are a nameless and unuttered atom? What can you hope to do, would-be chronicler of the huge, unhistoried morass, of the dark wilderness of America, when we who were the children of a hundred gold-recorded centuries and the heirs of all the rich accumulations of tradition, have really done so little and have come to this?

And then they ask him, if he does give tongue to America, what does he hope to gain from the anguish, the hunger, and the effort. I draw attention to this passage not because it is one of the best in the book — there are very many much better — or because it brings back into literature the lost art of oratory, which it does, but I mention it for the reason that this particular page or two shows an artist attaining that stage of consciousness. It is part of the illumination that came to all the great artists, as if some one in the watches of the night came to give them a revelation about seed sown in them by some mysterious paraclete, seed which they alone could bring to fruit.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The books discussed in this article are: Of Time and the River, by Thomas Wolfe (Scribner, \$3.00); Francis the First, by Francis Hackett (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.00); A Man Called Cervantes, by Bruno Frank (Viking, \$2.50); Lean Men, by Ralph Bates (Macmillan, \$2.50); Grey Granite, by Lewis Grassie Gibbon (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00); The Black Consul, by Anatolii Vinogradov (Viking, \$2.75); Rats, Lice and History, by Hans Zinsser (Little, Brown, \$2.75); The Autobiography of Michel de Montaigne, ed. by Marvin Lowenthal (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50); Dickens, by André Maurois (Harper, \$2.00); Milton, by Rose Macaulay (Harper, \$2.00); The Enjoyment of Literature, by Elizabeth Drew (Norton, \$2.50).*

Of Time and the River has as subtitle "A Legend of Man's Hunger in His Youth," and each chapter is titled by the name of some great figure out of the past of literature — Orestes or Faustus or Proteus — and is an account of the progress of a young man during those years when he passes through all the great experiences of spirit, mind, and body which have been symbolically chronicled in all the great tales: he is young Faust in search of all knowledge, young Telemachus in search of his father, Jason on his quest, Antaeus renewing his strength. This highly intellectual and imaginative conception gives the book an epic framework, and what might at first appear formlessness, to readers accustomed to the neatly arranged novels of realistic writers, becomes a massive shapeliness as the book proceeds — a shapeliness given by one who has had to forge for himself a tool for the ordering of chaos. Without underestimating one whit the sensuality and grossness that is in the life he shares, there is nothing of that empty realism and that craze for recording stereotyped physical facts which, in their overplayed realism, did so much to demote the novel. One can declare that this book has a spiritual conception — there is no flight of the mind or the spirit that the author fails to understand. In that one short passage on page 267 describing the death of old Gant, the hero's father, there is an emotional power, an imaginative radiance that we sometimes feared might never come into American literature. This radiance occurs over and over again in a book with which I lament having so little space to deal, though indeed an analysis of it or of the personages in it could give little of the character of the whole. The best I can do is to advise my readers to read it. It is one of those books that open new windows to the mind.

Naturally after this I pass over, among the spring books, those long, dull, realistic novels about farms and families in the West and all those photographic representations of a life where the spirit never seems to enter, where the author can get down to nothing but what his eyes see and his ears hear and where he knows no land except where his feet walk . . . *Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen bluhn* . . . so this remarkable book opens.

A RICH BIOGRAPHY

BOTH *Time and the River* and *Francis the First* took a long time to write. This biography of the contemporary of Henry VIII is history written as Taine said it should be written or would come to be written, where the author "searches for the rules of human growth, occupies himself with the special psychology of each special formation" and where the result is a clear and living picture of the Europe of the Renaissance, with its kings, statesmen, and soldiers, its great painters, its religious reformers. The documents and literature that had to be mastered to reduce this bursting epoch to the limits of a book even as large as this one must have been the cause of labor as great as it was intensive.

Francis Hackett has so fully re-created the period that all Europe and the great figures of the time become alive before our eyes — figures so great and so many that we are appalled to think of the meanness of the modern age, when the public has mostly only movie actresses and chauffeurs of the air to give the homage of their wonder to — people who gyrate in space, as it were, without greatly affecting other people's lives. But imagine the men and women who pass through this book and were all alive together — Leonardo da Vinci and Rabelais, Machiavelli and Columbus, Michelangelo and Pope Julius, Henry VIII and Margaret of Navarre. The list could go on and on, for there were so many of them that the earth and air must have pulsed with electric life.

During the lifetime of Lytton Strachey, he and the author of *Henry the Eighth* were often compared. But the two are essentially different. Lytton Strachey is the biographer-essayist strayed into history and selecting characters and subjects to fit his ironic mentality, while Francis Hackett is the biographer-historian who can deal with all the characters of "each special formation," coping with them all without prejudice and in proportion to their intrinsic significance and not as Strachey would, in proportion to their appeal to his temperament. Behind Francis Hackett's characterizing sentences and brilliant phraseology we feel the dynamism of history, with a document back of every sentence. Do we want to know how the

mother of Francis the First looked as a young girl or do we want to understand the child psychology of that single-minded woman? Francis Hackett, having pursued all the early portraits, reveals her in this illuminating sentence:

On her young face, to judge by the early portraits, she had something of the institutional look which is best observed in faces of foundlings and orphans in large and comfortless orphan asylums. It is a face filled with caution. A look of wary obedience is on top and just underneath the nip of intelligence, calculating the hazards of disobedience.

Then take the entrance of Cesare Borgia into Amboise; with him there comes the whole Renaissance — the art, the literature, the conduct, the unbounded passion, and from the moment he rides across the drawbridge Gothic France is changed.

POOR MIGUEL CERVANTES

THE POTENCY of these two books diminishes all the others, even though several of these, on any other year's list, would have stood out for their peculiar excellence. In some of the novels especially, the authors give the impression of really having a flame in their minds. Wearied with the deadly realism we have been enduring, many of them go to history for their characters. In *A Man Called Cervantes*, by the German novelist, Bruno Frank, we follow the career of Miguel Cervantes from his student days to his late fifties when, in jail, his right arm long since lost in the war to which he went with Don John of Austria, he composes a yarn about a queer knight fighting windmills and rescuing galley slaves and reads it to the jailbirds who are his companions. The hero of the yarn committed the follies of a dozen madmen, but his talk was pure wisdom. It made all the prisoners happy; it made Miguel especially so, for, as Bruno Frank says, "he knew what had been vouchsafed him. Before him this had not been in the world."

The hero of *A Man Called Cervantes* is not so much, to be sure, the creator of this meandering knight as the Spanish people themselves, whose follies and wisdom are expressed in quintessence in the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes. And Bruno Frank has caught together all the dead splendor of that country, which was for a while the greatest of empires. Written as a picaresque story, this book has a mournful and

humorous life, through which appear the great figures of that transitional age — Don John of Austria, Pope Pius, and, above all of them, Philip II, that miserly, crafty, industrious lord of half the world, who impoverished his people as no idle and extravagant ruler could have done. As Philip lies dying he is miserably harassed and puzzled by the realization of the success of that virtueless Valois, Henri IV, whose political program is encompassed in the notions that Paris is worth a mass and that every peasant family should have a fowl in its pot on Sunday.

Poor Miguel Cervantes did not often have a fowl in the pot and didn't make much of a conquest of the material side of life; he got wounded in wars, enslaved in Algeria, imprisoned in Spain but somehow succeeded, as Carlyle said, in writing "our joyfullest, and all but our deepest, modern book." Bruno Frank has written the tale well and vigorously, and, though not in the most modern manner, in a convincing, objective style that makes rousing reading. A word should be said for the translation — it is excellent; it reads as though it were the original.

THREE NOVELS OF REVOLUTION

SPAIN is the scene also of Ralph Bates's novel, *Lean Men*, but it is modern Spain, the Spain of the Revolution. Both the structure of this novel and its material are ambitious, but in attempting to cope with both the structure and the matter the author was really trying to live above his intellectual and emotional means. His mind has mastered neither the matter nor the manner. Very likely the episodes are actual happenings; many of them were probably witnessed and enacted by the author. But the whole effect is that of a journalist covering a revolution as an assignment and gathering in all the personalities and human interest in the vicinity. And I feel that the connection of the hero, Francis Charing, with Spain and the Revolution, like his connection with the various women in the story, is too casual — there is no passion for the cause nor the country; it is all an adventure, not a deep experience.

There is a lot in this book which gives us the impression that the author is a very bright but superficial young man, who can throw into his

book smart criticisms of modern music as well as of the traditional smithwork of the ironmasters of Barcelona, and who has a ready command of the ideas and idiom in use for attack on capitalistic society. But as a book about a revolutionary or radical hero it does not compare with the bleak but rather powerful Scotch novel entitled *Grey Granite*.

This novel has not the explicit propaganda of *Lean Men*, but as an attack on a society which has reduced men and women meant by Providence to be proud and strong-living cotters to the status of dole-taking parasites it is much more thoroughgoing. The author, Lewis Grassie Gibbon, does not have to make surmises about the people he is writing about — he knows them through and through. He has another advantage in that he does not have to write in a worn-out journalistic lingo — he is able to use that peculiar Scottish vocabulary (which he keeps from being a Harry Lauder dialect), that vocabulary which can give us that peculiarly Scottish revelation of things at once ill-favored and humorous. The characters might be out of Burns' pages — the Poosie Nancies, the Holy Wullies, the Jeans and Marys.

Grey Granite is a strongly racial book, and one is glad to find Scotland once more making an entrance into modern literature, with all its heritage from the past, its particular kind of heroism, its bawdiness, coarseness, dourness, and grace. The hero is a ruthless fighter for the disinherited and downtrodden, not through any revelation from dialectical materialism or any other bloodless formula but through a passionate love and sorrow for the folk he knows.

He'll never be ought but a bit of them; the flush on a thin white mill-girl's face, the arm and hand and down bent face of a keelie from the reek of the Gallowgate, the blood and bones and flesh of them all, their thoughts and their doubts and their loves were his, all that they thought and lived in were his.

It is a stirring book, a book of great promise, but the author is evidently a young writer whose knowledge of life is as yet intensive as opposed to extensive: his mind is not yet abundant enough to give variety to his group, and the sense of narrowness that we get from his novel is increased by his excessive use of the interior monologue — a technical effect which

is excellent for penetrating into depth but which cannot give a sense of expansiveness.

Revolutions and revolutionary ideas characterize a great many of the spring books. In a third book of this kind we have the Soviet writer Anatolii Vinogradov turning his revolutionary measuring rod upon France and Haiti of the French Revolution. Napoleon, Toussaint l'Ouverture, Marat, Robespierre, the men of the Mountain and the men of the Gironde — they are all here. But the real hero of *The Black Consul* is meant to be Toussaint "the Revealer," the black idealist from the Island of the Mountain. The author has a comprehension of incidents and happenings rather than of the variety of human character; he hasn't enough flame in his own mind to understand the flame that was Toussaint's or the flame that was Napoleon's. For Toussaint's magnanimity and greatness we had better turn to Wordsworth's sonnet or to Edwin Arlington Robinson's mournful and moving monologue.

The book might be described as Carlyle's *French Revolution* with high fantasy and tumultuous oratory left out. Fictionalized history is what it aims at being. We are told that the author "to prevent doubt being cast on the accuracy of his data has woven verbatim reports into the narrative." This is neither startlingly interesting nor startlingly novel: it was done thirty years ago by an older Russian novelist — by Merezhkovski in *The Forerunner* and in *Peter and Alexis*. Vinogradov's mind is not interesting enough to combat successfully the oppressiveness of factual narrative, and over and over again we feel that we are reading rather dully presented history. However, as an anticapitalist Vinogradov gives us a usefully new insight into things that deflected what might have been a more complete liberation through the French Revolution: he is able to show how sugar and coffee also had a role as inanimate villains.

THE LOUSE COMES INTO HIS OWN

IN *THE BLACK CONSUL* the chemist Lavoisier and the psychiatrist Pinel are put forward as being at least as important as the political and military leaders who ignore them. And the emergence of the scientist in this epoch is rightly noted by the modern historical

novelist. Since that time the scientist has taken more and more of the stage, and now in *Rats, Lice and History* Dr. Hans Zinsser shows how organisms that only the scientist is aware of have controlled human history. He tells us that the book he has written is the biography of the typhus germ. The typhus-germ theory of the decline and fall of states which he propounds seems certainly as valid as any other that has been doing duty recently, and as a series of pendants to periods of history this book is of primary importance.

Those who read Francis Hackett's *Francis the First* would do well to compare the account of the war between Francis and the Emperor Charles with the account of the same war in Chapter Fourteen of *Rats, Lice and History*. It was the typhus germ that made the victorious onslaught. Charles defeated Francis, and was crowned ruler of the Roman Empire at Bologna by "the power of typhus fever" — Dr. Zinsser makes that a definite conclusion. In the Thirty Years' War typhus ravaged both armies, and it ravaged all armies in the succeeding wars, including the last, and brought the scourge to the civilian population. During the World War, to quote Dr. Zinsser, "the Serbian and Russian epidemics have shown that the hero of our biography has lost none of his vigor."

A great portion of this book is not about typhus, however — it is about everything that strays into the Doctor's mind, including literary criticism, with which the opening chapters deal. While showing a live interest in literature and an acquaintance with contemporary writing that would do credit to many critics, the Doctor gets horribly mixed up as to what literary criticism is. Only one of the list of writers mentioned by him in Chapter Two could be called a literary critic; the others are social or sociological critics — which is rather like confusing psychiatrists with bacteriologists. No literary critic could ever have held, as the Doctor thinks one held, that science stands in the same relation to literature as photography does to painting. No. Art represents one form of human activity, science another; they are not in conflict at all.

Let me assure Dr. Zinsser that it is not true that Sainte-Beuve would have gone into consultation with Dr. Charcot if asked to pass

judgment on certain contemporary writers. For one thing, Sainte-Beuve died before the most important of Charcot's experiments had been made: it was Taine and not Sainte-Beuve who benefited by the discoveries of Charcot — discoveries which were to have such an effect on literature. And a critic of the standing of Sainte-Beuve or Taine would naturally know as part of his job all the psychological discoveries that had been made — he would even be familiar with the scientific discoveries that his contemporaries were making. If I prefer part of the doctor's book which is actually the biography of the typhus germ to his literary excursions, it is not only because the data are convincing but because the writing has greater literary value — at times it has an eloquence that is moving. It has only one drawback; the layman has need of a glossary to make clear to himself certain of the technical terms.

ESSAYIST, NOVELIST, AND POET

ONE OF THE MOST moving chapters in the book that is called *The Autobiography of Michel de Montaigne* tells how the people of that day were assailed by the plague. "Some," Montaigne says, "who were yet in health dug their own graves betimes. Others lay down in them while still alive. One of my laborers drew the earth down upon him with his hands and feet as he lay dying." This autobiography is assembled from the Essays, the Journey, and other papers, and the editor is to be congratulated on the good job he has done: it is now possible to read a highly interesting life not in isolated paragraphs as heretofore but in the man's own continuous words. A good deal of the flavor of Montaigne's fascinating style is brought over to us in Marvin Lowenthal's translation.

There is no activity of man's life about which Montaigne has not uttered a word of wisdom or, if not of wisdom, of inspired common sense. Like the typical Frenchman he was, he did not confuse love and marriage — and perhaps Montaigne is most entertaining when he is on this topic. "Marriage is more suitable nowadays for plain and common people," he declares. As for himself, "of his own free will he would not have married Wisdom herself," but the custom overpowered him. Like all entertaining men, Montaigne loved conversation

and books, and the book that comes to us now as an autobiography is the most delightful conversation that ever was written. It is on every subject that might interest an intelligent human being. All his essays are confessions by a man who tries hard to know himself and to make knowledge of himself the basis of a knowledge of mankind.

After the autobiographies there are two biographies of great writers — one of Dickens by André Maurois and one of Milton by Rose Macaulay. In Maurois' *Dickens* one finds the usual content and quality associated with this well-known French writer — the highly intelligent commonplace in mind and matter expressed with a charming ease of manner and method, a knowledge of his subject such as seems to be supplied by a hard-working corps of secretaries, a fixed determination to get in bad with nobody but to aim at everybody's good opinion, and the usual flattering reference, now endemic with Maurois, to that champion bore among aestheticians, the French philosopher Alain.

Dickens is for all that, an attractive book. For the majority of his readers, Dickens the writer has always swamped Dickens the man. The creative personality has always overlaid the everyday personality of the father of ten children, the busybody around his own house, the bewildered human being who in his youth could not discover which of three sisters he was in love with and ended by marrying the one of the trio whom there was no possibility of his ever loving. One is glad, therefore, to have this easily read book dealing with his personal life. It tells us of his marriage, of his children, of his lecturing, of his love for the two sisters he did not marry and has some scattered remarks about the novelist's craft which apply rather more to that craft as exercised by Maurois than to an abundant and powerful creator of types like Charles Dickens.

Maurois's book, however, is more entertain-

ing, though less solid, than Rose Macaulay's *Milton*. This work makes us wonder once more how any woman could ever have put up with that disagreeable personage, that mixed ascetic and sensualist who was Cromwell's Latin secretary and whose vibrating Puritanism did so much to change the Merrie England of the Elizabethans, which all the world understood, into that vastly misunderstood England which classed the passions as vices to be either obliterated or practiced behind veils of hypocrisy.

But at the same time Milton, who has never been really appreciated outside England, was a great poet — a poet, of course, of a special period rather than a world poet. The English have had greater but none who expressed so thoroughly his own *milieu* and his own time. The writer has a fine appreciation of the age which produced him, of its standards, of its oddly crude sex passion, and of that overestimation of Satan and the powers of darkness which came with the overthrow of saints and images and which produced and nourished the poet of *Paradise Lost*. Rose Macaulay's *Milton* is a very able book, with that lack of emotion which makes us remember Bergson's theory that women are the equal of men in intellect but not in emotional power — a man writer might have made us more aware of the warmth that must have been somewhere in the bleak old poet, the writer of "the ingenious poem on our first parents."

In conclusion I should like to recommend a delightfully knowledgeable book by Elizabeth Drew called *The Enjoyment of Literature*. In it all the literary genres are dealt with enjoyably, and all, except criticism, illuminatingly. It is a pity she did not omit this last and slight chapter about which she has not reflected a great deal, for the book was complete without it. Miss Drew has a rare power of moving easily and gracefully through the world of letters.





Report from the Consumers' Board



Old Man of the Sea

AMERICA IN CARTOONS

BY DANIEL R. FITZPATRICK

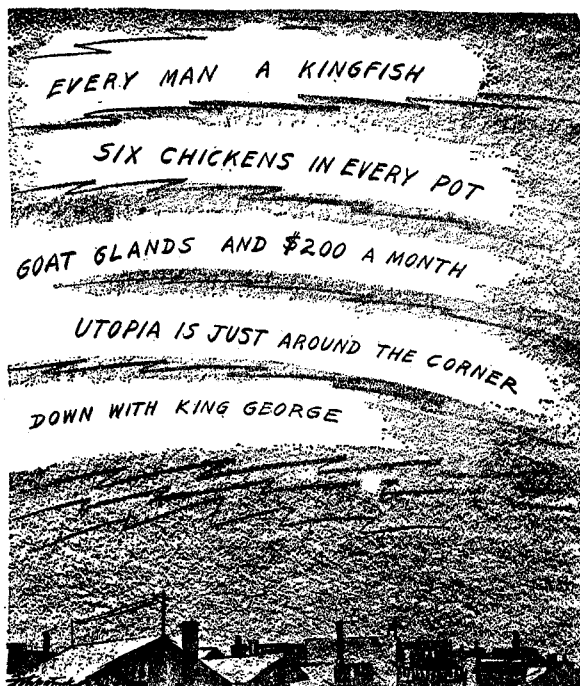
Courtesy of the St. Louis Post Dispatch



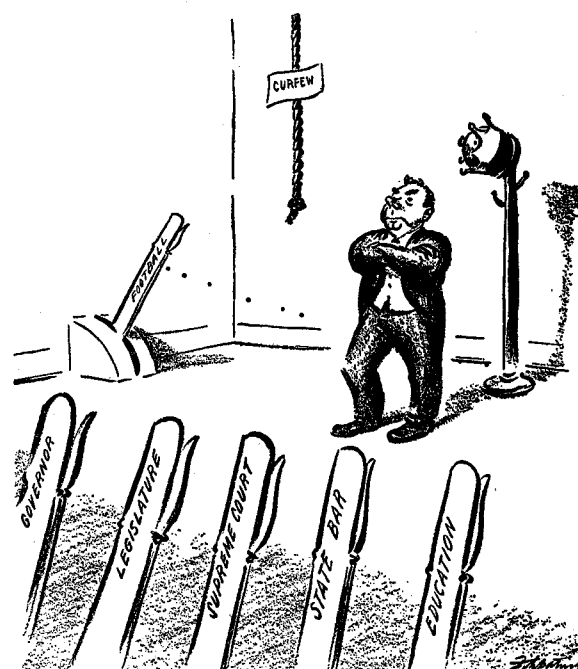
How to Wipe It Out?



"Watch the Orient, Don; You May Want to Make It Safe for Democracy Too"



What Are the Wild Waves Saying?

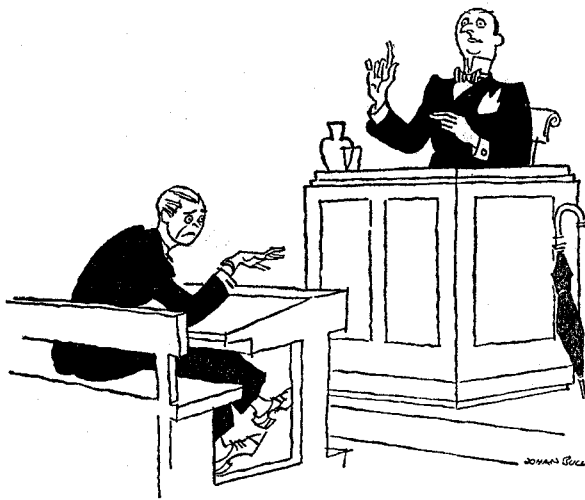


Throne Room of Huey the First

PROFESSORS HAVE A CINCH

BY DIXON WECTER

A college professor's wife, writing under the pseudonym of Ann Preston Carter, attacked in the February FORUM the wage scales that bind her husband's profession in eternal penury. "Poor Professors," she called her diatribe, and she declared that intelligent young men are fools to become teachers. Now comes Mr. Wecter, a professor himself, who, while he does not especially challenge this last statement, says the sob story of the neglected teacher is just a sob story.



ONE OF OUR most pious legends is that of the typical college professor — shy, unworldly, threadbare, with an erudition as profound as it is impractical and an absent-mindedness so great that, like Professor Einstein, he would blissfully use his monthly checks as bookmarks, were it not for the reminding pinch of penury. In fact it is his glory that, in the sphere of finance, he is a mere child. And everyone has heard how the professor, with his Ph.D. from Harvard and his endless years of plain living and high thinking, is paid far less than the plumber who mends the leak in his antique drains or the mechanic who condescends to regrind the valves in his asthmatic Ford. Moreover we are told that, so long as college salaries are what they are, only the

timid and spiritually anemic will accept them; whereas, if teachers' wages were doubled or tripled, it is hinted that we might shortly expect a generation of professors with the brilliance of Alfred North Whitehead, the vigor of the late Stuart Sherman, and the creative originality of Josiah Willard Gibbs. Such assumptions are, from the viewpoint of realism, a little naïve.

Far from being unsympathetic with the college professor, I am indeed a fledgling myself, the son of schoolteachers. Almost since birth I have been steeped in the academic brew. From family necessity I used to be taken, at the ages of five and six, to faculty meetings and institutes, where I sat in the back row and played with the globe of the world and tried to behave under boredom like a Christian. Since that time, as undergraduate and graduate student, I have known college professors in a small Southern college, at one of the leading Eastern universities, and at Oxford, England; lately, joining the species myself, I have taught at three large state universities in the South and the West. If my parents had been tumblers in a circus and I had spent all my days under the big top, the patterns of my life could have been fixed no more rigidly than they are by long intimacy with the schoolroom.

With humility I venture then to say that the college professor is too frequently an object of sentimental pity; that usually he deserves no more than he is paid; that, even with more

opulent salaries, the kind of men attracted to the academic life would not be very much altered; and finally that the depression has had a rather tonic effect upon the personnel of college faculties.

Any honest professor is a little restive at the heroics so often ascribed to his profession, even as the gorge of every self-respecting mother probably rises at the homage of Mother's Day. In the first place most college professors are incurably lazy. Since the days of Socrates, greatest of them all, they have been men who preferred talking to the greater ardors of writing or action. Some of them, having worked pretty hard in their student days collecting Phi Beta Kappa keys and writing dissertations, seem forever after to be left in a state of chronic fatigue. Over a glass of applejack a reverend professor once gave a friend of mine this helpful advice: "The first year or two you've got to work pretty hard, getting your lecture notes ready for the rest of your life; and then, if you are anxious to get ahead, you had better write a textbook, which of course you will require your students to buy. For the next twenty years, my boy, it's easy sailing." This old gentleman is, I am quite sure, loyal to his own principles: a student of William James at Harvard thirty-five years ago, he distrusts these newfangled notions of Freud, Watson, and the Gestalt school and continues to teach his classes in psychology, for example, that a man hit on the left frontal lobe of his skull will lose all sense of moral responsibility, as is proved by what he terms "the deservedly famous American Crowbar Case of 1848."

PROFESSIONAL FRAILTIES

UNLIKE THE overworked grind of the public schools, with his long day of labor, the typical American professor teaches on an average two or sometimes two and a half hours a day for a five-day week; almost everywhere a teaching load above twelve hours a week is considered barbarous. Of course, as the professor hastily explains to the envious doctor, lawyer, or banker, the real drain upon his time comes from duties outside the classroom. One thinks of midnight sessions spent in the preparation and polishing of brilliant lectures — those lectures compounded of mellow jokes and stately wisecracks which successive genera-

tions of students await with fond expectation, — and of notes which are followed year after year unswervingly as the path of a planet. I recall the dean of a large graduate school, a scholar of world renown, who delivered the same lecture twice on consecutive meetings of the class because he had forgotten in his sequence of lectures to mark the place where he left off. This amiable man gave the same set of final-exam questions again and again for more than a decade; I took them on their decennial jubilee, as we called it, and dutifully passed them on to the next candidates.

And of course every professor complains in whimsical despair of being engulfed in themes, reports, test papers — which are usually given either to his assistant reader or else to the wastebasket. Only the janitor shares this guilty secret. Moreover the professor grumbles — not without reason — about the inroads made upon his time by committees, conferences, faculty and senate meetings, and all the red tape which the modern university has created in its wistful admiration for Big Business. But it is safe to say that any banking house or corporation which conducted its conferences and board sessions in the fashion of the average faculty meeting would be in the hands of a receiver within the fiscal year. A faculty meeting is always charged with the scent of battle in the nostrils of some graying professor of Latin who lives from month to month in order to thwart his ancient foe, the professor of mechanical engineering; on the other hand, these meetings are field days for professors of education — those bland, unctuous gentlemen so curiously like undertakers — who get up and read long tables of attendance statistics, of grades plotted by the "biological curve," results of native-aptitude tests, and other pseudo scientific fantasies.

Whatever time is left to the professor from these strenuous labors is consecrated to Research — pronounced, except in the English Department, with the accent upon the first syllable. One hears a great deal about this word not only at Harvard and Yale but also at Siwash College, where in strict truth there are neither laboratories nor libraries adequate for attacking even the simplest problem in current scientific or humanistic studies. "Research" is merely a term of academic jargon,

like "integration," "co-ordination," and "orientation," which all educators in good standing are bound to applaud. The people who do most of the research talk least about it — holders of graduate fellowships and professors who are usually much happier over their test tubes and Arabic manuscripts than when they stand, stammering and diffident, at the teacher's desk and who ought in fact to be relieved of teaching altogether. But the average teacher spends probably as much time in actual research as he does in home-brewing. This statement is not purely negative; just as a number of professors whom I know produce a few bottles yearly during the muscatel season, so at certain times — under pressure of a classical- or modern-language association or teachers' convention — they will turn out a paper or two on the ablative absolute in Suetonius, political allegory in a play of Ben Jonson, or the rate of breathing of trained and untrained public speakers as measured by a galvanometer. I once attended a graduate seminar taught by one of America's most stimulating creative scholars, Professor A., whose own work has been done with that large Renaissance vision and humor and that absence of hocus-pocus so refreshing to find in present academic circles. He was holding class in the office of a colleague absent on sabbatical leave, a Professor B., notorious for his methodical habits and passion for unimportant facts. Suddenly in the midst of our first session, a bell rang shrilly from some dark corner of the office. Professor A. looked up in momentary surprise. "That," he observed dryly, "is a device of Professor B., I expect, which rings at intervals to remind him to write another monograph."

In mentioning these professional frailties I am not assailing that ancient tradition which goes back at least to the Middle Ages and Chaucer's lean clerk of Oxenford, that a scholar and teacher should be gentle, quixotic, inept in the brisker efficiencies of life, or even a little simple — for we remember that the word "dunce" comes from Duns Scotus, one of the greatest of the early schoolmen. In the midst of our modern turmoil of trade and commerce, we may thank heaven for a small isle of lotus-eaters. But when a recent article in *THE FORUM* describes the college professor as living under the constant exhilaration of ideas and

pouring forth his life's energy "in great tides into his teaching and his talks with students" or when a rich dowager remarks gravely as one did to me the other day, apropos of a teacher who has a rather hard time making ends meet, "You know there is something almost *Christ-like* about some college professors," one needs to be reminded that the typical professor is in many ways a genial bluffer, who seldom brings to his daily task anything like the analytical astuteness of a good lawyer, the alertness of a surgeon, or the creative imagination of a novelist. Usually he has been drawn into teaching because of the sedentary and rather pleasant routine which it offers and the modest financial security which in normal times it affords. Sometimes he is a fugitive from reality, a tender idealist, or a disappointed minor poet. George Santayana delightfully compares the whole race of professors to tame songbirds in their cages, "having preferred fidelity to adventure."

THE WEEDING OUT

OF COURSE, granted all the advantages and laxities of such a life, it is probable that the college professor is, in comparison with Dizzy Dean and Clark Gable, somewhat underpaid. But so are many excellent doctors and clergymen and artists, who seldom receive as much public sympathy or yield as readily to self-pity as do many professors and their wives upon the slightest encouragement. With them it has become a conventional attitude into which not a little personal pique, neighborly envy, and social ambition have entered. The professor in an average American university receives a minimum salary of about \$4,000, though it is somewhat smaller in land-grant and teachers' colleges and considerably greater in most state universities and privately endowed institutions. This stipend is not princely, but in the average college town where the faculty sets the approved standard of living it is surely more than a living wage. The present writer believes that faculty wives, far from being desperate and losing fighters against poverty or domestic slaves who are drifting further and further away from intellectual companionship with their husbands, are not markedly different from the wives of other professional men. In fact, their tendencies toward

bluestocking intellectualism require, if anything, the gentle curb.

The academic situation which involved such drastic reductions during the recent lean years — as at Cornell, for example, where forty-four faculty members were dismissed during 1933–34 — sprang from a situation which the educators themselves helped to create, namely the late popular fallacy of higher and higher education for everybody. Granted it was a good thing for every child to learn to read and write, then surely it seemed a better thing for him to go to college and best of all to polish off his education with a few postgraduate degrees. In recent years the graduate schools of America have spawned annually some 2,000 Ph.D.s, including many dullards of the type which Leonard Bacon has wittily described in his saga of Columbia University called *Ph.D.s: Male and Female Created He Them*. Most of them found employment during the boom days, but upon the arrival of hard times their ranks were painfully thinned. In the larger Eastern universities the salaries of full professors were often kept intact by the summary dismissal of dozens of young instructors. Some two and a half years ago an investigating committee reported to the American Association of University Professors that “a shrinkage of 191 places out of a possible shrinkage of 211 in the 38 institutions reporting to your Committee occurred in the grades of instructor or part-time assistant. Indeed, among professors and associate professors there was no decrease at all, but an increase of two and a half places.” Such selfish and nearsighted policies fortunately did not occur everywhere, and in many universities of the South, Middle West, and West presidents and deans took deep cuts in order to leave unimpaired the salaries in the lower brackets.

Among those eliminated were doubtless some bright and able young men; but one hopes that sooner or later they will return,

drawn by the fascination which the academic life holds for those who really belong there. However, the depression has in general had a sound, astringent effect upon colleges and universities. If, as we are told, a good many doctors of philosophy are now waiters and floor-walkers, are we sure that an irreparable loss has occurred? May it not be that, by some obscure destiny, they have found the station in life to which it has pleased God, rather than the teachers’ placement bureau, to call them?

Reduced incomes have also scrapped much of the administrative and clerical machinery which had been getting more cumbersome year by year, and our larger universities have weeded out literally hundreds of foolish courses — from homemaking to clog dancing — which used to make them the laughingstock of sensible people. At present our most encouraging symptoms for the future of higher learning are, first, that in finances and curriculum the average university is back where it was in 1921, before the days of spurious expansion, and, second, that leadership is coming increasingly from a generation of alert, thoughtful young men, like Presidents Hutchins, Conant, Dodds, and Valentine, who are proof that in the great universities conspicuous merit now brings promotion with almost phenomenal speed.

Perhaps under these new leaders there will be a quickening of the academic lifeblood in America; though one cannot help feeling that for a long time to come the type of confirmed college professors, like Izaak Walton’s anglers, will continue to be “such honest, civil, quiet men” as they now are, rather than great creative intellects. A certain pleasant indolence and a touch of pedantry seem almost inevitable; they are, in fact, our occupational diseases.

Still — if I may add a postscript after some minutes of reflection — I would not willingly change my profession for any other in the world.

In an early issue:
“The Challenge of the Greek,”
by T. R. Glover

THE YEAR OF THE BOAR

1935 in Japan

BY JAMES A. B. SCHERER



JAPAN'S ANCIENT time system ran in cycles of twelve years, named successively Rat, Bull, Tiger, Hare, Dragon, Serpent, Horse, Goat, Ape, Cock, Dog, and Boar.

Sophisticated Japanese pay no attention to this ancient time system, except on their New Year cards, which this year carried sprightly pictures of the boar, since 1935 rounds out the cycle. Among country people, who still form the bulk of the population, old superstitions survive just as they do in the United States. For example, Japanese girls who are seventeen this year are less eligible for marriage than other girls, because they were born in the year of the horse, an animal unlucky for women. The pugnacious boar, on the other hand, will be honored by a good many country-born soldiers through pilgrimages to the shrines of Marishiten, a minor god of war, always represented as standing on a galloping boar. One hand is brandished in the air, the other flourishes a sword, and the god has three

faces. Will he face this year toward America? Toward Russia? Or toward peace?

Consider, then, Japan's situation. Here is a group of four main islands lying but an overnight journey from the Asiatic mainland in Korea and only twenty-six hours from Shanghai. China is notoriously hostile. Korea is Japanese territory but has been so only twenty-five years. Five years before that it was the bone of contention in a critical war with Russia. Perhaps the Russians still want Korea; they are certainly training many of its young men in the arts of war. Immediately north of its eastern boundary lies a great fortress — Vladivostok, "dominator of the East" — where superheavy bombing planes with flight capacities of 2,500 kilometers are assembled. Russian troops are said to be massed along the northern borders of Manchukuo, which became an empire only last March. And why did Russia draw out the negotiations over the sale of the Chinese Eastern or North Manchuria Railway, after proposing this sale herself?

Nine out of ten informed Japanese would answer this last question by saying that, after the United States recognized Russia, the U. S. S. R. stiffened its spine and waited to see what would happen to Japan before deciding whether to turn over the railway after all. If Manchuria became Russian territory that railway would be useful.

Many Japanese also believe that Russian troops would not be massed along the borders of the new state if the United States were not leading all nations in refusing to recognize it. They associate the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. when casting an eye northward toward the bombing airplanes at Vladivostok and the vast store of munitions there. What would happen to their small islands if the American navy moved on them across the Pacific and Russia

at the same time swooped on them by air and marched its armies through Manchukuo toward an insurgent Korea?

"Of course such suspicions of us are quite ridiculous," the average American says. But that may be because he ignores the Japanese point of view or has a short memory.

If he were a Japanese he would still remember the Immigration Act of 1924. He could not well help himself, because the death of Masanao Hanihara in December has rubbed it in afresh. Hanihara was Ambassador to the United States in 1924. His death brought out the sensational fact that the offensive phrase, "grave consequences," in his letter of protest to Secretary of State Hughes when the measure was pending in Congress was not in his original letter at all. His tone was so mild that Secretary Hughes, wishing in all good faith to use such a letter to influence Congress against the passage of the Act, asked Mr. Hanihara to put teeth into it. Before Mr. Hughes finally sent it to Congress as amended, it was read by many high officials in our State Department and by them, as by him, approved. But the objectionable phrase was at once seized on by proponents of the Act and made the occasion of its passage.

Mr. Hanihara chivalrously kept the secret. Now it turns out that the United States was threatened with "grave consequences," if it enacted a measure repugnant to the *amour-propre* of Japan, on suggestion of its own Secretary of State. A distinguished American churchman resident in Tokyo is said to have the documentary proofs.

The average educated Japanese further believes that Secretary of State Hughes put over the naval agreement of 1921 with its 5-5-3 ratio, to the disadvantage of Japan or at least to the wounding of her pride, when Japan had no course but acceptance. He also believes that his government now offers a solution of naval problems at least equally as valid as the old one, but with no imputation of inferiority, and that England is willing to consider it but America is not.

How would Americans feel if their country's geography were what Japan's is, instead of giving them the magnificent defense of two great oceans? Especially if another nation, enormously stronger, shut out her immigration

on a different basis from that accorded to most other nations and, while apparently refusing to consider new naval agreements, blazoned to the world at the same time its intention of insisting on airplane carriers and huge offensive dreadnoughts with an immense cruising radius?

II

JAPAN THINKS herself entitled at least, to self-preservation, and perhaps nobody will dispute this point. With a population rapidly increasing and already with the highest population density in proportion to arable area of any country on earth,* only two possible roads to self-preservation are conceivable. One is emigration; the other is provision for a means of livelihood for her congested millions through industrialization and trade. Immigration has been denied her by nearly all Western nations, and if she undertakes it with such countries as Manchukuo, where Chinese enormously preponderate, she will be no better able to compete with the labor of the Chinese than our Pacific Coast workers are to compete with hers. Industrialization, then, is the only means of self-preservation. The only possible way for Japan to support herself is to take raw material such as cotton, which she has to buy abroad, give her people employment and consequent sustenance by having them turn it into finished goods, and then pass it on to some other foreign country for consumption. Supplemented by the sale of her raw silk and the surplus of her abundant fish supply, such a process would enable her to keep her head above water. Spurred by necessity and endowed with native industry and frugality as well as rare manual skill, she has succeeded with her process of industrialization magnificently. But, as soon as she begins to compete with the countries that have already barred their doors to her immigrants, they also bar their doors and the doors of their colonies to her goods.

Nervousness arising from a momentary feeling of desperation accounts largely for such

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — The number of persons per square mile of arable land is as follows in the countries named:

Japan	2,774	Italy	819
Great Britain	2,170	Germany	806
Belgium	1,709	France	467
		U. S. A.	229

— Report of the Lytton Commission, ch. vii



hysterical outbursts as that of the news agency which got all excited over American plain talk at London. Forsaking its job as a news purveyor, it broadcast an editorial that would have been ridiculous had it not been pathetic. The ridiculous feature lay in the cry that, as Japan's navy is superior to America's anyhow, "Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf?" Of course, this boast ran directly athwart the claim advanced by Japan at London that her navy is tied down to inferiority by treaty, and it would make that claim look absurd if anybody took the broadcast seriously. Its pathetic feature is the revelation of a subconscious fright on the part of its writer or inspirer. It was promptly disavowed, but the cat was out of the bag. Japanese are by nature high-strung, and in moments of crisis some of the younger men are prone to lose their heads. But, fortunately, the reins of government are in the hands of very wise and cool-headed men. To control the hot-heads is one of their big problems.

Japan is also cursed, like the rest of us, with the militarist—in distinction from the military, which on the whole is high-minded and wise. It was this dangerous minority group that issued the wild "army pamphlet" some months ago, opening with the insane boast, "War is the mother of progress." General Araki also whoops things up occasionally. He is a military politician who wants more money

for the army, and his whoops are for home consumption. He and the other militarists seem blind to the fact that the cable and radio carry their words everywhere. In the experience of the writer, thoughtful Japanese do not take them seriously.

Over against the neurasthenic and the militarist, who make the noise, are a host of sober-minded statesmen and businessmen who make no noise at all but keep the ship sailing on a steady keel. A great body of Japanese public opinion is liberal. And, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the liberals have gained ground during the last year. If they gain as much this year, they may be ready to initiate a movement to which many of them are devoted, namely, the abolition of that abnormal feature of the national constitution which makes the army and navy independent of parliament in times of emergency.

III

THREE Japanese problems concern thoughtful Americans especially: immigration, the navy, and trade. Should America insist any longer on a discriminatory immigration measure which perhaps would not have been enacted but for an offensive phrase which, it now appears, would never have been coined at all except for our own State Department? Should America give nationwide consideration

to Japan's naval proposals during the two years before the present treaty expires, instead of leaving them wholly to the judgment of her own naval men, some of whom are almost as jingoistic as Japan's? Most important of all, should America not administer her foreign-trade regulations on the principle of "Live and let live"?

The writer has known the Japanese people intimately for forty years. He has seen them master what seemed insuperable difficulties as they passed on from adolescence to manhood. He has seen them improve in character as well as in material welfare. They have sterling qualities, some of which are unique, and have it in them to make a valuable contribution to the universal civilization of the future. Friendship wins them, but they cannot be driven. Consideration wins where coercion would be sure to fail. A generation ago they liked America more than any other country. The change in their attitude is not wholly their fault.

As I write I think of two striking statements. One is from the writer Akiyama: "The wild boar is an animal whose head is so closely stuck to its body that it looks as if it had almost no neck. Therefore it cannot turn quickly right or left and always pushes on straight ahead. In the hunting season it is a favorite object of sport. Since ancient times an epithet 'inoshishimusha,' or 'wild-boar warrior,' has been applied to a man who pushes on without heed. We, the Japanese people, should be careful not to act like a wild-boar warrior in the coming year full of delicate international questions."

A well-known member of parliament says: "The year 1935 has now come. The words

'1935 and 36' have been on the lips of every Japanese. It is thought by the populace, regardless of age or sex, that something terrible may befall Japan during this period, and the whole nation appears to be vigilant day and night amidst a great danger. What makes them feel so, we do not know. Though they may be influenced by some sort of propaganda, it is an undeniable fact that there are those who really do believe in the coming of a great danger. Every nerve of our nation is tense and strained. By virtue of this very tension an unfortunate situation may be avoided. Care should be exercised not to mar friendly relations with other countries, not to provoke the rest of the world, not to disturb world peace. To be prepared is, no doubt, advisable, but abusing and affronting other countries must stop. It is not in keeping with a civilized nation. The Japanese sometimes are misunderstood or made an object of hatred by foreign countries because the Japanese lack training in international affairs. In this respect, need of leadership is keenly felt in our country. He who wants to lead the nation and who is deeply concerned with international welfare must of necessity know the condition of foreign countries."

The Japanese know Americans and their history better than Americans know them and theirs. "There is no darkness but ignorance." A former premier recently said to the writer, "I believe that, by patient understanding of one another, your country and mine can not only keep the peace but develop a priceless friendship. There is no royal road to peace. It just comes about through understanding."

Ignition

Better that night be a cauldron, and the suns burn away
Behind a hill
In some celestial crucible.
Or that night be a tinderbox of stars
For some antique kindler to set afire,
Than to bear the ignition of desire.

Better that my candle burn by daylight
Lest, at night, it steal the darkness from the dark
And I, once branded by suns, be branded by a spark!

PEARL LEVISON

Bennington College; Bennington, Vt.

DO YOU SPANK YOUR CHILDREN?

BY GARRY C. MYERS

To spank or not to spank is a question every parent must face (frequently!). If in recent years the tendency has been to spare the rod, here is one educator who shouts from the housetops that the tendency has been all wrong. Mr. Myers pleads for a return to "the good old-fashioned spank."

IT WAS nearly midnight, dark and foggy. A little child was seriously ill. The doctor searched long in vain for the right street number. At last he found it and entered a palatial home in the choicest section of the best suburb of a large city.

"Sorry," apologized the anxious father, "that we have no porch lights. The kids of the neighborhood knock out the bulbs as fast as we can put them in."

According to the press dispatches, the adolescent son of a millionaire in Tulsa, Oklahoma recently was arrested while amusing himself in shooting out street lights with a gun. At an earlier age he probably had practiced nearer home with stones.

Name a residential section of a city, especially in the suburbs, where a vacant house is safe from vandalism of the children of the neighborhood!

In one suburb the police reported that seventy traffic signs suddenly were missing. Most of them were found in the comfortable homes of the municipality, high-school boys having stolen them as souvenirs for their rooms. Not a parent had insisted upon the immediate return of these stolen articles, and not one offered to reimburse the city for the misdemeanor which his son had committed against the public. The chances are that little or no effort was expended to cause these offending youths to feel sorry for their wrongdoing. It was just a youthful prank, too insignificant to be punished. No matter about the lives endangered by removal of these signs.

"It's a hard thing to say, but I really dread

to see children come into my store," said the neighborhood hardware merchant. "Either they steal things or they handle them so roughly we can't sell them."

"That's nothing," answered the next-door druggist. "Kids are always snitching things from us. And what's more, if we catch one in the act and report him to his parents we are almost sure to lose a customer. The attitude is, 'My children don't steal. If they take things at all it's just for fun. Can't you remember you were once a kid yourself?'"

"Besides, we have magazines and extra comics. The comics we must keep tied up in packages to protect them. The magazines are rummaged through and left soiled or torn."

"Children on relief?" inquired a bystander.

"Oh, no," retorted the hardware man and druggist in concert. "They come from comfortable homes." Speaking alone, the hardware man went on: "You would be surprised if I were to name some of them — boys, even girls, of parents who are civic leaders, some big shots, including professional people, welfare workers, business leaders."

THE "BETTER" PEOPLE

DURING THE PAST several years the writer has, on going about the country, inquired of neighborhood storekeepers, especially in drugstores of "good" residential areas, in more than a dozen states, about their experiences with stealing by children from six to twelve. Everywhere the answer is disheartening. "And it's getting worse!" or "I don't know what we are going to do about it" gen-

erally is the cry these people raise.

The manager of a chain of drugstores in one large city told the writer that their biggest problem of theft is in the "better" areas. "Right over here" (referring to a store near a big suburban high school) "in the afternoon when the students come, they can't be trusted to pay their soda checks at the cashier's window, but the clerk must get the money at the fountain as soon as each is served.

"If a store is located on the border between a 'good' section and a 'poor' one, it is the children from the good side who most often must be watched. They think it is smart to get away with it, and their parents seem entirely unconcerned."

In a Midwest town of 30,000, the largest drugstore closes its doors immediately at the end of a basketball game, choosing to lose the trade rather than to lose from theft and breakage by the savage youngsters.

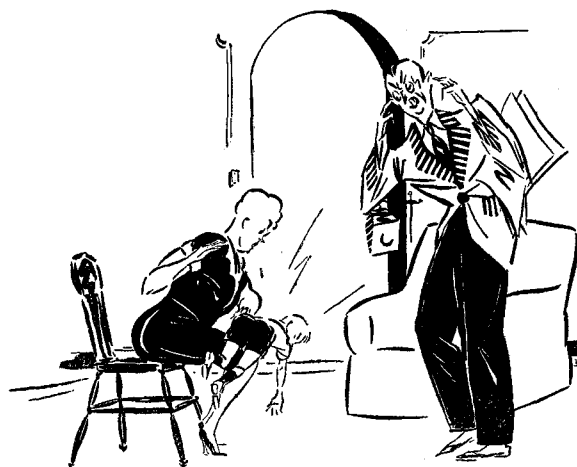
On good authority is the report that, in a certain university town, right within the shadow of that institution, a gang of boys from eight to twelve years of age, living in the neighborhood, some of them professors' sons, go about demanding of homeowners a fee varying from a dime to a quarter as guarantee of immunity from the vandalism these young racketeers otherwise will perpetrate. And, as a practical expedient, most of these peace-loving citizens succumb.

In a university city of the Northwest the writer got firsthand evidence, during the several days he spent in that area, that boys and girls from six to ten had been stealing goods and money from a little grocery store near their homes run by a blind man, the only store within several blocks. Not a single parent from that group of highly respected citizens, so far as I could ascertain, made an effort to reimburse the unfortunate storekeeper. "The youngsters will outgrow it; kids will be kids" was the attitude of the parents questioned. Several days later most of the same children had resumed their thefts from the store.

Parents of young people in suburban high schools often complain that their children hardly dare to turn the back on a fountain pen or other useful article, lest it be stolen by a classmate. The only immediate solution by teachers and principals is to install more

lockers and see that they are properly used.

In a certain large university the men's room of the spacious Union Building has no furniture. When several attempts were made to keep this room furnished, the students either carried the things away or demolished them. A great many hotels which used to give special group rates to high-school and college athletic



teams do so no longer since "so much is lost in theft and breakage."

Mothers and teachers who give children's parties at their homes often dread the peril to their furniture. In a certain very aristocratic neighborhood it is expected that new furniture must always be purchased in the home following a party for children under twelve.

Directors of religious education in large churches of suburban areas say that they are worried about the bedlam which boys from six to twelve create in Sunday School. "They will rush into the assembly room pell-mell, knocking over chairs and treading upon songbooks, even Bibles. And often the worst culprits are splinters from the pillars of the church and civic leaders in the community."

All the foregoing incidents relate chiefly to children from homes of comfort or luxury, representing, as a rule, high levels of education and conventional culture and refinement, many of them of old families long looked up to in their communities as leading citizens. If they represented homes of the underprivileged we naturally might expect a high average of misdemeanors.

It would naturally seem that those parents who are the substantial, honored citizens and accepted civic leaders of their communities, possessing advantages in education and social

prestige, especially those families whose standards have been high for generations, could be depended on to conserve the best traditions and ideals of our nation. Whether they know it or not, their children are looked up to and emulated by the less privileged children. But it appears that disintegration of ideals and conduct is taking place most rapidly in this favored group.

The writer believes that this has come about as a result of a philosophy of child rearing which these people were first to accept and adopt.

THE OLD-FASHIONED SPANKING

FOR ABOUT a quarter of a century there has been broadcast, under the guise of "scientific psychology," the doctrine, not warranted by scientific facts, that restraints are disastrous to personality and mental health, even to character. Psychiatrists, juvenile-court specialists, and welfare workers have generally assumed that most juvenile delinquency has resulted from too strict discipline at home. By many of them our forefathers have been painted as ogres, whose philosophy of life sowed the seed of modern crime. Aided and abetted by the Freudian doctrine that when native impulses are inhibited they are sure to break out in criminal or neurotic behavior, a number of clever writers and teachers have carried on an irresistible campaign against restraints by parents upon their children. For at least two decades, parents, millions of them, have been told that they are savages or brutes who would lay the hand upon a child, even a toddler, to restrain him. The upshot of it all has been that parents in the intelligentsia have believed that they should let their children do about as they please, trusting wholly to persuasion and reason for their guidance. A young mother of social standing would dread to confess that she had spanked her three-year-old baby more than to admit that he had deliberately shattered a window of her neighbor with a stone or spat upon her Turkish rug.

Parents with education and social prestige have been the first to accept this doctrine of no restraint for children. It gives them a feeling of exclusiveness and superiority, causing them to look somewhat contemptuously upon those "benighted" parents of lesser education and

social standing who still believe in teaching their children the meaning of "No." And educators almost universally have jumped upon the band wagon of no restraint, some shouting from the housetops about the glorious gifts which this newer freedom brings "the unspanked generation."

Then there is the recent movement, of great magnitude, known as parent education. Most university professors who are training leaders in this field and writing texts for parents, either take "no spanking at any age" for granted or condemn all spanking as stupidity or barbarism. Respect for the rights of others and regard for authority are subjects almost never touched upon in articles or books or lectures to parents. The books of the one, lonely writer who for years has been pleading for return of the good old-fashioned spanking for the young are blacklisted in some colleges and universities, just because he dares to advise selective physical punishments of children, to teach them the alphabet of safety and citizenship. In the *Children's Charter*, that fine document drawn up by the leading child specialists of America at the Hoover White House Conference, there is not a word suggesting the child's need to learn respect for the rights of others.

I believe the leading single cause of increasing vandalism and crime, especially in youth, is this doctrine of no restraint, that those, therefore, who have deliberately been spreading this doctrine have contributed mightily to the increase of crime. More dangerous than was Dillinger, perhaps, are those teachers and writers who are telling parents they must never spank their children.

A robbery or murder does not happen when it seems to happen. The crime has for years been in the making, probably since the offender was an infant. It may be that every overt criminal act is but the product of slow disintegration of inhibitions over years or of continued exercise in letting native urges have their way.

Not in the police and courts of justice can we put our greatest hope for checking crime, but in parents who themselves have proved good citizens, provided they will face about and train their children in the nursery in the alphabet of inhibitions.

GOVERNMENT VERSUS DESERT

The Fallacy of the Shelter Belt

BY WILSON COMPTON

THAT A BRAIN trust may not rely entirely on deliberate mental processes and that a planned economy may do most of its planning after the event are illustrated by the precipitation with which the federal government has plunged into the magnificent if rash adventure of throwing a grand army of trees into the hostile near-deserts of the West. In no other undertaking has the precedent-disregarding President shown himself in more dramatic rôle than in his order to the Forest Service to make a frontal assault on the age-old aridity of the great plains and to advance the forest frontier a thousand miles into the bunch-grass lands.

Here we have in its most ponderable expression the spiritual force which gives power to the Roosevelt regime. What *la gloire* was to the first French Republic and the Empire and what the flaming creed of economic equality is to the soviets of Russia, swift and dramatic action against the inertia of nature and economics is to the followers of Franklin Roosevelt. Napoleon crossing the Alps, Stalin defying ten thousand years of history and millions of years of social heredity and habit, Roosevelt flouting the traditionally impossible of nature and economics!

There is a most alluring element of wonder working in this scheme of blocking blizzard winds and summer sandstorms by a barrier which reaches up forty or fifty feet into some sixty miles of atmosphere and stratosphere. And admiration is commanded by the wizardry of converting aridity into humidity by the *in hoc signo* of one hundred strips of trees a mile apart and stretching from Canada to Texas.

It is not surprising, inasmuch as there have always been undismayed enthusiasts who have maintained that to plant trees is to make rain, that the early publicity regarding the colossal shelter belt caused the public to think that it

was a grandiose rain-making project. To be fair to the Forest Service and most of the advocates of the adventure in weather and climate so suddenly sprung on the country, it should be said that they made no such extravagant claims regarding probable results. The men of the United States Forest Service do not believe that forests bring rain, and, of course, they do not believe that a puny fifty-foot barrier will stop or even deflect winds which may be five thousand feet high. What they do expect of the zone of trees they propose to plant is (a) to raise the "water table" of the soil within and in the neighborhood of the shelter belt; (b) to improve farming and living conditions within this open forest, covering fourteen million acres; (c) to precipitate the snows which would otherwise blow over a thousand miles and evaporate into nothing, and thus save winter's moisture to add to that of spring and summer; (d) to limit the drifting of soil; and (e) to set an example to the inhabitants of the bald prairies of the benefits of individual farm windbreaks.

II

THESE PURPOSES are reasonable and practicable, provided forests can be made to grow in the arid, high lands of the continent without irrigation. But can they? It is no secret that the professional foresters of America are divided on this issue, with most of them, perhaps, lining up on the side of skepticism. Certainly after sixty years of sporadic tree planting beyond the hundredth meridian there is little circumstantial evidence that a thousand miles of healthy or useful forest can be reared in that region of a meager twenty inches of rainfall. The Northern Pacific Railroad undertook forty years ago to line its tracks with windbreaks, which were intended to keep snowdrifts out of the cuts. Any

traveler can see for himself the visible remnants of the dismal failure of this enterprise. Every county courthouse in the arid sections of the western Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma has an exhibit of stunted trees which are pathetic proofs of a losing battle against dry winds and drier soil.

On the other hand, there is the success of the Forest Service in putting a pine forest on the



Nebraska sand hills, and there are the occasional thrifty groves of farms and ranches throughout the semiarid country.

But a former veteran of the Forest Service, who was bred in the dry lands, writes to me:

"The whole thing is a cockeyed scheme, and, were it to be one-hundred-per-cent successful from the tree-planting standpoint, it would be far from having the effect upon climate that is advertised. According to careful experiments, a shelter belt is effective in lessening wind velocity and, thus, evaporation, for not to exceed one rod of horizontal distance for each foot in height. If, therefore, the tree planting were one-hundred-per-cent successful — and the actual percentage will be small — the trees wouldn't exceed fifty feet in height after many years, giving a maximum protective effect of not to exceed fifty rods of ground. The shelter belts are to be one mile apart, or three hundred twenty rods. It would take six times as many

as planned for, to protect the area mapped out, and the effect would be nil a short distance beyond that.

"You must remember that this is a naturally semiarid country, where trees are not the natural form of vegetation for a very large proportion of the area, and that they can't be made to live permanently on much of it."

The sort of planting the cattle country needs to preserve its usefulness and keep its soil from blowing away is that of grass. It was ever a great grass country and before human occupation it supported wild herds to the number of sixty million. Why try to convert it to agriculture when we are retiring millions of acres from useless, even ruinous, cultivation? What this region pre-eminently demands is restoration of its natural cover — grass — and of its appropriate use — grazing instead of tillage. Renew the bunch grass, forget the wheat, bring back the herds! Already we have too little grass and we have always had excess of forests.

But to get back to our planless planning. To give *emergency* relief to present, panting sufferers from the drought, we have taken up a *ten- to fifty-year* program, on which it is proposed to spend forthwith \$15,000,000, although not more than \$1,000,000 evidently is now available or can be effectively used in the next few months. By that time there may be no necessity or perhaps no chance for relief to drought-oppressed farmers. Next we go ahead to spend \$60,000,000 more on a project, which, in the light of all the evidence we have, has fully a fifty-per-cent chance of resulting in a "flop."

III

WHILE ENGAGING in this breathless (and tax-taking) adventure after future forests that may be forbidden by decree of nature, from which lies no appeal, the government appears to have forgotten about the pact entered into with the forest owners and industries last winter for the rehabilitation of our existing forests and our proven forest lands. The private forest interests under their NRA code were to undertake timber conservation and to direct themselves toward the continuous reforestation of their millions of acres of natural tree-growing lands. The government was to

co-operate in many supporting activities.

These industries have diligently begun their work. But the government has not performed its part. Nothing has yet been done, and little even said, by the government, about, for example, tax reform; and without tax reform there will be no extensive managed reforestation. Nothing has been done to provide the forest credits, comparable to the readily available farm credits, without which few men can succeed in a business which waits twenty to fifty years for its returns. We have four hundred million acres of ready-made tree-growing land — some of it in such a condition that deserts will supervene unless the forests are replenished. The government has advanced liberal promises on its indispensable part of replenishing — but little more. At the same time it goes on to the West, where trees never have grown and may never grow, to expend — so it is proclaimed and not denied — \$75,000,000 in an experiment of forest making.

I was in Germany with a company of American forest industrialists and foresters, examining forestry management, when news came of the grandiose project of flinging a forest barrier from Canada to Mexico. The German foresters were amazed by the bold prodigality of a government which could gaily undertake to spend \$75,000,000 on such a gamble with nature. They said it was grand, thrilling but they doubted whether it was good.

“Why,” they said to me, these foresters of small means and bitter thrift, “should you people spend such colossal, such incredible sums on planting trees where they may not grow, and are not needed, while you have the greatest commercial forests in the world in dire need of reconstruction?”

These foresters dwelt also on the view that, no matter how successful the new plantations might be, they would have virtually no effect on the climate and none on the weather, except within and very near to the new belt of trees. It was even considered a debatable question whether a vigorous growth of trees in those Western regions of light rainfall might not have an adverse instead of a favorable effect on soil moisture. The trees, driving their roots far into the ground, might, they asserted, out of their experience, serve as channels for evaporation rather than as accumulators and

conservators of the valuable moisture.

How does it happen that so many people think that forests are rain makers? Because, I suppose, they put forests before rain, instead of rain before forests. Because regions once forested and fruitful are now bleak and barren. What has happened in desolate countries like Syria, Palestine, and North Africa, which once had forests and now have few or none, is that



cutting down the forests and overgrazing have resulted in the disappearance of both the forests and grass cover of the land. The fertile topsoil has thus been exposed to destruction by water and wind erosion, and desert conditions have naturally resulted. Ages of abuse have made it hard, if not impossible, to restore vegetation which will hold and conserve the rainfall. The rains fall as ever they fell but on impervious hardpan off which they run without a trace.

Heavy rainfall has never yet made heavy forests. Dense forests in a dry climate would never make it wet. “Forests don’t make water,” say the foresters of Europe, whose experimentations extend back over a century. Removal of forests is often a disaster which emphasizes arid conditions. But their restoration would not dispose of the aridity. Forests conserve rain, store it, and distribute it. They do not make it or prevent it.

HOW TO TAME DRAGONS

BY GERALD HEARD

I WAS TAKEN round those gigantic fossil reptiles at South Kensington Museum the other day. I was shown how these strange experiments from life's workshop — though some of them were the size of a small submarine — had brains not larger than a horse-radish. That is odd. But it is even odder to find that the largest of these superlizards had, besides a skull brain, two other brains: one between his shoulders and another between his hips. What sort of mind could he have had? We are told that these lizards were so slow on the uptake that if you'd pricked them with a pin on the end of their long tails you ought to have been able to get away safely before they realized what you had been up to. But now I'm not so sure. Perhaps this creature might, as Americans say, have shot from the hip and knocked you out by using that more-on-the-spot brain, while headquarters went on munching, no more aware that it was being troubled than the study knows that the back door is being answered. At least the fact that this reptile had three brains of a sort does make the problem of what its mind can have been, and how it made it up, very complicated.

"Ah, but it wasn't conscious at all," say some people; "it simply acted on reflexes" — that is, it twitched and snapped as a trap snaps when you touch the trigger. Well, we shall never know. These fascinating, if awkward, forms of life cleared off more than one hundred million years ago. But they did leave one or two distant relations lurking in little-visited places, and we can study these.

There are reptile dragons living today. Have they minds or feelings? They certainly have very small and low brains. While I was in the Museum I was also taken to see one of these, the Komodo dragon which has just been preserved. For the zoo lately suffered the loss of one of its real dragons. It had lived with us

since 1927. It came from its Javanese jungle with a terrible reputation. It was indeed a dragon, armored, weaponed, untamable. However, when it arrived, it went to school under Miss Proctor, a naturalist who certainly deserved the much-abused name of genius. For she could get on with snakes and reptiles about as quickly as we get on with puppies and kittens. The Komodo dragon also warmed to her. And before she died she had made this unprecedented bridge between dragon and man.

With his keeper the monster used to go for a constitutional every morning in the gardens. But, though quite friendly, he was too stupid to learn arbitrary rules. He could not be taught to keep off the grass. He failed to realize that the flower beds were for show and not — as was obvious to him — a daintily served vegetable salad. It is little use trying to hold back with a string a creature weighing a couple of hundredweights when it really wants to do a thing. Henceforward, then, he had to take his walks around the reptile house while the snakes and crocodiles were having their beds made before the public reception began. Well, he followed his brilliant teacher out of this world. He died of a heart attack (one wouldn't expect that in a cold-blooded animal), but not before he had shown that, though he was a reptile and might be very stupid, yet these limitations did not debar him from being a gentle and pleasant person with his human friends.

So evidently intelligence and amiability need not be tied too closely together — a comforting reflection for most of us. That, I think, raises perhaps the most interesting question about life and all its manifestations. For we have always taken for granted that the less sharp you are the more brutal you must be. So we have the popular picture of "Nature Red in Tooth and Claw"; of "Dragons of the Prime,

which tear each other in their Slime"; and, more up-to-date, but no more encouraging, the picture of the cave man, always clubbing his neighbor and pommeling his family. And that so-called scientific picture has very practical results. Worse results, I think, than any cinema with its story of vamps and gangsters. Look at Bernhardi saying in 1914 that the Darwinian "struggle to survive" meant that Germany must have war. Look at Mussolini saying that war is to man what motherhood is to woman — a law of nature and life. Such sweeping generalizations are based on what Mussolini honestly thinks biologists have discovered.

I believe that is the science not of today but of yesterday. No animal is so set and slow and instinct-bound as a reptile, and between its race and ours is a profound repugnance. Even a restless little monkey, shown the other day a film of snakes, ceased to fidget, sat literally spellbound for twenty minutes, until the sight was too much and it turned to where the screen was out of sight. Yet, we have seen, Miss Proctor could take snakes and the old dragon itself and by sympathy, which goes so much deeper than sense, make them understand that they were among friends. And, once they realized that, they themselves became friendly. And this triumph of what we may call the new naturalism is not confined to reptiles. It is spreading up through the whole of our study and understanding of animals.

II

LAST YEAR I met a scientist who was training as a geneticist but who had taken up the study of animals' minds and had trained, among other forbidding beasts, even hyenas. His recipe was simple — if heroic. He said you must never be frightened of the animal. You must always be perfectly patient. It attacks because it does not understand and thinks you must be hostile.

But how are you to make it understand? Here we come to the hard and heroic part of the recipe. You can't speak to it through the mind. You must get in touch through the emotions. So your feelings really decide everything. If you feel fear — even though you show no sign — then it senses your fear, and your fear means to it that you are about to attack it; so — like most European statesmen

— it feels it must attack in self-defense. You see, you have to have absolute sympathy for the animal before you can hope to tame it. But if you can do that — what Miss Proctor did and this man does — then no one knows the limit of the animal's response. Literally, fear paralyzes and sympathy creates. Your affectionate interest acts like a current of air on the dim, smoldering spark of the animal's character. The smoking flax breaks into a small flame.

This isn't Uplift. It is borne out by some of the most careful laboratory work lately done on monkeys. Dr. Klüver has demonstrated that even the most scatterbrained of all the monkeys, the South American monkeys, can be taught to use tools. This discovery marks a revolution in our exploration of the subhuman minds. It was thought that only an ape could do such a thing. Monkeys, it was certain, were far too low. But how it was done is even more important than the actual doing of it. Dr. Klüver discovered that, the more care you took not to upset your monkey in the slightest possible way, the more the limitation of fear lifted and the tiny brain grew to attempt things it could never have done either by itself in the wild or disturbed by a rigorous, impatient attention.

Then there is the work of the Doctors Kellog on the chimpanzee which these psychologists brought up with their own child. Here, again, under constant human affection, it broke out of the rut of apedom and began to walk across the gap which we have assumed must always separate ape and man. Surely all this work converges on one point. It shows how even beasts have in them capacities which can raise them far above the bestial, that they can respond in quite unsuspected ways to opportunity. And it shows also that that opportunity is sympathy. It shows that sympathy is a power far greater and far more extensive than argument or any of the methods of conscious intelligence. For not only does it let us get into touch with creatures we can never hope to speak to — it is not merely a greater power of communication — it is a power of creation. The beast is not only roused: it is raised to capacities it otherwise would never touch.

And doesn't this work throw a beam of light on to our outlook on the whole of life? We have

been too defeatist, too certain that nature had set everything hard. "You can never change instinct." "You can never change human nature." How often these phrases are used to excuse brutality, cowardice, hopelessness. All this latest work suggests, I believe, that they are untrue. If you can change a beast's nature, if even that is not set hard by instinct, it is criminal nonsense to say you can't change human nature. If (of course it is a big "if") you have the courage really to understand — and by understanding one means also that intuitive understanding which is sympathy — then we have yet to find the beast which can resist that force.

III

BUT SURELY all evolution has been by the strongest and toughest pushing the weakest to the wall? The latest researches throw increasing doubt on that. Those giant dragons did not have to arm themselves — they literally sprouted bayonets. Yet they died out. And what was the animal which carried on, what beast gave rise to the animals of today and ourselves? That used to be a puzzle.

Now we have found those ancestors of ours who beat the great armor-plated monsters in the struggle to survive. They are small, rat-like creatures — without thews or armor. But surely man himself springs from a fierce, gorilla-like ape? That, too, grows doubtful. All the latest research tends to show that the gorilla is only a living fossil, on the way to extinction, certainly no ancestor of ours. Later again, the beetle-browed cave man, the Neanderthal man, he's no ancestor. He and his breed died out completely.

Who were our ancestors? We are beginning

to be able to answer that question since Dr. Leakey started digging in East Africa. He has found deposits which experts agree must be about a million years old. In those deposits he has found some of the earliest stone tools. We have had these before but we never had, with the tools, the bones of the men who made them. Now Dr. Leakey has begun to find them. And the surprise is that these early Stone-Age men were men like ourselves, with light, small bones. Again, you see, it is the frail and sensitive that has won in the struggle.

It is such a good detective story it is worth reading in Dr. Leakey's book, *Adam's Ancestors*. It begins to look as though brutal strength is not much good. Nothing has failed like ruthless efficiency. That is the idea expressed by that new notion of evolution called fetalization: man, it now seems clear, is the baby form which the ape outgrew, and the dog is the baby form the wolf also lost. That means that man and dog are man and dog because, somehow, they have managed to remain in the childlike stage which ape and wolf both lose. In fact you too can advance, if you keep supple, receptive, sensitive. Harden up and you are beginning to fossilize. If you would solve life's problem, you must feel acutely. It is painful but it is the only way. As in O. Henry's terrible story, the hand must have its nails cut to the quick if it is to feel how to pick the lock. Dare to feel — that, in a phrase, seems life's challenge and its secret.

Yes, I know we've ended with a moral, but at least it's not one of the cold sort. Perhaps, even, it may help thaw out some of the icy suspicion which at present has the world in its grip. If sympathy works with beasts, mightn't it work with men?

In an early issue:
"Design for Living,"
by Mathilde Potter and Marjorie D. Kern

THE WORLD AS I WANT IT

BY MARGARET HAIG RHONDDA

HERE IS my ideal of a world fit to live in. Firstly, of course, a world in which peace is ensured. A world from which not merely war but also the fear of war, at least of a war of any size, and all that goes with it in terrifying and ruinous races in armaments is eliminated. And, further, a world from which not only political war but economic war has been banished; in which, as said the prophet Micah, "nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid."

Now I am not one of those who believe that within measurable time we can turn man into a nonfighting animal who never wants to bash his neighbor over the head. (And how anyone can look around the world today and still go on holding such a beautiful dream I can't conceive.) When I talk of a world in which peace is ensured, I don't mean a world in which a miraculous change has taken place overnight and we have all become angels. I mean a world in which no miracle has taken place but which has decided that it would rather keep itself in order than commit suicide, which has agreed that brawling shall not be permitted among the nations.

Secondly, I want to see a world in which there is sufficient food, good housing, warmth and comfort, good air and light for all; in which all men work and there is work for all and a reasonable amount of leisure for all; a world — not overpopulated, as large parts of the world are today — in which men are healthy.

Thirdly, a world in which there are no barriers. In which neither race nor class nor sex nor marriage nor any other irrelevant consideration forms any kind of stumbling block to full economic, political, and social status and opportunity. In which, above all, all men share equally in such security as it is possible

with co-operative effort to obtain.

Fourthly, a world in which education in the widest sense is given the place of honor, and is proportional to one thing only — capacity. Ultimately, of course, no really educated and civilized community will be able to live happily under any system but one which ensures equal consideration and equal opportunity to all — and that implies approximately equal wealth for all. Ultimately there will be neither rich nor poor.

Is the ideal of a world from which fear of war or starvation has been practically eliminated, where all have enough, where all are equal a dull ideal? I have heard it said so. I have heard it said that it would make for an unenterprising, a standardized, a uniform, an ant-like, a deadly dull world. People who have so little imagination that they envisage peace, security, equality as ends in themselves will sometimes tell you that they would spell utter boredom — and if they *were* ends in themselves that, I think, might be true enough.

For these matters of income, of status, of equality by themselves are just dead things; but they are not ends in themselves. Man cannot live by bread alone — but he has got to have the bread first. Dull? These things are the groundwork of the most exciting of all possible worlds. They are the subsoil, the foundation on which might be built a real civilization. They are not (heaven forbid!), as those on both sides seem to imagine, the civilization itself. We need equality of material conditions, of opportunities, not in order to make all men alike but to set all men free to be different, to grow as they will to their own patterns. We need peace, not to stop adventure but to give it a chance to increase — not to stop men risking their lives (we shall not — we can never — take risk out of the world) but to give them more chance to risk them for the things that are worth while.



Courage

What of the dawn?
And when will the weary-wounded rest?

For those of us
Who hurtle through the lacerated hours
Crying no mercies
Nor telling each anguish in secluded
convent bowers
Like beads strung on a rosary,

For those of us, I say,
Who flaunt a gay defiance
Or a twisted challenge to the frenzied
gods
There never will be rest.

There never will be peace — like a
shepherd's song to soothe,

Or the deep dawn to drink
And slake the throat of dust-thirst.

CHARLOTTE FISCHBACK



WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE CCC?

BY C. A. EDSON

ACCORDING TO the President's own estimate, the Civilian Conservation Corps is one of the bright spots in the recovery program. Less than two years have elapsed since its establishment. In that time an enormous amount of useful work has been done. But on April 1 the CCC will cease to exist, unless, meanwhile, Congress passes enabling legislation to provide for its continuance. The general feeling in Washington seems to be that the project has proved so valuable that it should be carried forward. And the President has announced that he plans to request such a continuance. But for how long? On what basis? On what scale?

As a Corps Area educational adviser, I have had an opportunity to study the problem at first hand. My views are entirely personal, not official. They are presented for such consideration as they may seem to warrant, in the hope that they may stimulate constructive thought as to a permanent national policy.

Originally the CCC was organized as a relief measure. It was created to meet human need for sustenance — material and spiritual. Men who needed work were given work. And that work was of extreme and lasting value to the nation. So the needs of human beings became the occasion and the opportunity for service to the nation. And out of this service have come great values.

The need for the CCC as a means of affording unemployment relief may pass. If the organization is continued by reason of the value of its conservation work it will, in fact, become an extension of the Forest Service. In that event it should ultimately be administered by the Forest Service, employing men at the prevailing wage for such work. The force would probably be reduced to about 100,000 men. There are many who believe that this is the logical destiny of the CCC.

On the other hand, if not the economic but the human values concerned are to be considered as predominant, an entirely different picture is presented.

Italy, Russia, and Germany have in recent years developed great national programs of youth training, intended to fit the coming generation for effective participation in the existing politico-economic order in those nations. The world has become so complex, people so interdependent that a high degree of mass co-operation has become essential to group efficiency. This has, throughout the world, strongly emphasized a trend towards collectivism — which means many varying things to different people. It has certainly increased the relative value placed on social co-operation, emphasized the duty and responsibility the individual owes to the social order, to the nation, as against his own personal self-aggrandizement. In the countries mentioned, the program of youth training has involved a high degree of regimentation, of mental and physical goose-stepping.

In this country we are seeking a method of developing the desired degree of social co-operation through voluntary, intelligent choice, rather than through a forced uniformity. We are seeking a formula which will retain the values of the characteristic American traits of initiative, self-reliance, resourcefulness, and ambition which have brought us so remarkable a progress in the past and which will still produce social efficiency even under present world conditions. The CCC seems to offer a medium for a national program of youth training designed to meet these needs.

II

IN THIS COUNTRY, education in the sense of formal academic schooling has always been considered the function of the individual

states. Under present-day conditions, with our pressing problems of national and international scope, only concerted and unified national planning and direction can possibly be adequate to the needs of the situation. The government must consciously endeavor to evaluate the elements that enter into the make-up of the efficient citizen and to establish, based thereon, priorities of emphasis in training its youth for such citizenship. It is proposed that this training be effected through the medium of a reorganized and permanent CCC, operation of which will hinge on the training motif rather than on the labor motif.

Such a reorganized CCC should be universal. Young men of all social, economic, or other classifications should participate. The rich need socialization at least as much as the poor! It should posit the assumption, so long accepted in Europe, that youth owes a year of service to its country.

The stipend received should be based not upon a wage scale for labor performed but upon the individual's modest and reasonable personal needs. The elimination of the relief motif would get rid of the present apparent injustice of paying the CCC men materially more than is received by the members of the army! The allotment of the bulk of the pay to the family of the enrollee could be eliminated, as is done in Canada, where the boys receive twenty cents a day as spending money — not as pay.

To obtain maximum educational values, all boys should be placed in camps at a considerable distance from their homes, preferably in another section of the country and certainly far enough away so that only infrequently during their enrollment could they go home. And each company should be composed of boys from several different sections of the country and from all walks of life.

A given age group should automatically be enrolled — say those who become eighteen between set dates. If the boys were enrolled quarterly, for a period of one year, a continuity in the operation of the organization would be afforded.

We would then have a permanent training-camp organization of 1,000,000 young men, composed of those of the given age group, at a period between their leaving school and be-

coming permanently established in industry. This would remove 1,000,000 men from the competitive labor market and so help materially to alleviate technological unemployment.

There are manifold opportunities for useful training of the enrollees: a sound moral basis of character could be inculcated; they could be given an understanding of world social and economic forces; they could develop a wholesome interest in American history, tradition, and ideals; they could all be provided with the basic tools of human intercourse — the “three R's”; they could be given vocational training; they could be prepared for social and family responsibilities; in short, they could be taught to assume intelligently the fundamental duties of a good citizen — including military service, for which under the Constitution every able-bodied citizen between the ages of 18 and 45 is liable.

III

A METHOD of organizing a program to accomplish these objectives might involve dividing each company into two platoons, working in alternate shifts. For one platoon, the program might be:

(a) Two hours military training daily, in the early morning.

(b) Two hours of an educational program, in the late morning.

(c) Four hours actual labor (exclusive of the time consumed in going to and from work), in the afternoons.

For the other platoon the order would be reversed, the work coming in the morning. For both platoons guidance, leisure-time activities, and much general training would be planned informally in the evenings.

This arrangement would make it possible to reduce materially the overhead cost of company administration, either by increasing the size of the company, with its present supervisory staff, or by maintaining the present size of the company (approximately 200) and reducing the supervisory staff.

This tentative program would double the number of man-hours of work now available to the Forestry Service. It would eliminate the necessity for the CMTC as a separate program. It would reduce the size of the program needed for the ROTC. The reduction in the

expense involved in these two items, together with the reduced "pay" base proposed, would go far toward offsetting the increased cost of the larger scale of operation. And against this increased cost would be offset the doubling of labor performed for the Forestry Service. Proportionately, the cost per man-hour of this should be less than at present. And the increase in human, social values over the present basis of operation should be tremendous, of vast benefit to the men individually and to the nation as a whole.

Obviously, on this enlarged scale of operation and with the change in the dominating motif, the Forestry Service would not be a suitable or adequate agency for administering the camps. Either the Army should, as at present, physically administer the camps, and an enhanced status be given to the educational organization, or a new governmental agency should administer the camps, the Army being responsible only for the military training. No military training is permitted in the CCC under the present regulations. In the latter case, the Office of Education might be expanded into a Department, with a Secretary of Education, and a large administrative organization created. This would appear to be the logical ultimate arrangement, for the federal government would thus accept the responsi-

bility of training its youth for life, for citizenship — as have the governments of so many other countries.

In any case, throughout the entire setup, appointments to all positions should be made on a broad, national basis of proficiency in the duties involved and of fitness for the handling and leadership of youth.

I realize that some of my suggestions may arouse controversy, especially those which, because they are more widely accepted in Europe than heretofore in America, will be considered "un-American." That is inevitable. The important consideration, however, is not whether they are universally approved (what ideas are?), not whether they are "home brewed" (historically it would seem that these United States have in times past borrowed some of their ideas, their culture from Europe!), not even whether they involve some change from past concepts (the general impression seems to be that the New Deal has involved some concepts not previously traditional among us!). The question is whether their adoption would benefit the United States of America and its people.

Years ago, William James, in a prophetic mood, stressed the need for a moral equivalent of war. Today, many people are coming to feel that the work-service camp offers this long-desired moral equivalent.

Spring Rain

Rain
Is dripping from the sky
Like slender, gleaming harpstrings.
Shaken by the wind
Into one palpitating sigh,
It whispers in the grass and sings
Through elms that bend, and bend
Again. . . .

VIRGINIA SPILLER

SCIENCE VIEWS THE SUPERNATURAL—I

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

*Huxley is a famous name in English letters and science. Those who have borne it have been gifted with brilliant, inquiring minds, and Aldous Huxley is no exception. He is perhaps best known in this country as author of *Antic Hay* and *Point Counterpoint*.*

WHAT WE NOW call supernormal phenomena show and have always shown a remarkable uniformity throughout the world. Thus, reports of fire walking come from Fiji, from India, from Japan, from Bulgaria. Every literature contains accounts of apparitions of the dying and the newly dead, stories of hauntings, of prevision, of second sight. Poltergeists always behave in the same way, as though obeying the laws of some mysterious code of ghostly bad manners. The adepts of almost all religions have been credited with extraordinary powers over matter; we are told that they can move objects at a distance, can raise themselves into the air, can produce extensive alterations in their own bodies. And so on.

The imagination is capable of such extravagant flights that the fact of a persistent uniformity is significant; it shows that there is some limiting factor that compels it to take the particular course it has taken and no other. Thus, the uniformity which we find in the myths of the world seems to be due to the similarity of human desires and human processes of thought. Myths are wish fulfillments and explanatory philosophies. But as wishes are everywhere much the same and as simple minds cannot help inventing similar explanations for what goes on in the world, it follows that all mythologies bear a strong family resemblance one to another.

With the phenomena we call supernormal

the case is rather different. Here we are dealing not with tales about the gods but with what are reputed to be facts of human experience. That the gods (or the demons or the spirits of the dead) are somehow responsible is of course assumed by almost all of those who recorded these supernormal phenomena in the past and by many who record them at the present time. But this is merely an explanation after the event. The event itself, if any event it really is, remains purely human and mundane; therefore, unlike the events recorded in myths, susceptible of scientific investigation.

Of the earlier efforts at such investigation it is unnecessary to speak. Inquirers like Glanvil in the seventeenth century did good work; but their notion of what constituted acceptable evidence was not, by modern standards, satisfactory. For our present purposes it may be said that the scientific investigation of the supernormal began in 1882, when the Society for Psychical Research was founded by F. W. H. Myers and Henry Sidgwick.

More than fifty years have passed since then, and the thick volumes of the Society's proceedings testify to the amount of work that has been done. Moreover, the work, as anyone who reads even a few of these many thousands of pages soon realizes, has always been careful, the evidence critically selected and of good quality.

Much fraud has been exposed, much irrelevant matter set aside. But these results, though excellent, are negative. What we are interested to know is whether this half century of patient research has had any positive result. In a word, what facts have been established? And, secondly, what is the significance of the facts, if facts they are? How can they be worked into the existing scientific world-picture?

The reality of at least one class of super-

normal phenomena has been demonstrated, it seems to me, beyond all reasonable doubt. Cryptesthesia, as Richet calls it, includes telepathy or thought transference, clairvoyance, psychometry, water divining, and all other forms of abnormal perception not passing through the ordinary channels of the senses.

II

WITHIN THE LIMITS of this article I can do no more than refer briefly to the evidence for only one of them — telepathy. Telepathy is either spontaneous or deliberately induced, and the evidence for its existence is drawn from well-authenticated records of its random occurrence and from experiments carried out by investigators working with specially gifted subjects. In cases of spontaneous telepathy the percipient frequently receives his message in the form of an hallucinatory image of the transmitter.

It is to be noted in passing that the transmitter is often able, apparently, to transmit without being conscious of the fact that he is transmitting. Conversely, the transmitter may make violent conscious efforts to send his message to a given percipient, without the smallest result. In the combination of transmitter and percipient, the important person is the percipient. If his sensitivity is insufficient or if his state of mind is unfavorable to reception, nothing will be perceived.

The Society for Psychical Research has collected a great deal of evidence about hallucinations having reference to the dying. That apparitions of the dying may appear to their friends at a distance is an ancient and universal belief. As the chances of a given person dying on a given day are known (the odds against any particular date are about nineteen thousand to one), it is easy to calculate what proportion of deathbed hallucinations may legitimately be put down to mere coincidence.

An examination of three hundred fifty authenticated cases showed that thirty corresponded with the death of the person perceived, a figure hundreds of times higher than that which could be accounted for on the basis of simple probability.

Experiments in deliberate telepathy have been numerous. The most recent and successful

are those recorded by an American psychologist, Dr. J. B. Rhine,* in his book, *Extra-Sensory Perception*, published this year by the Boston Society for Psychical Research. Dr. Rhine made his tests with cards. In some cases these were first seen by the transmitter, and the percipient derived his extrasensory knowledge of them from the transmitter's mind. In other cases the cards were not looked at, there was no thought transference, and the percipient was expected to "see" them directly.

The result of the tests seems to leave no doubt as to the reality of telepathy on the one hand and clairvoyance on the other. Dr. Rhine found among students of Duke University a number of suitable subjects. None of them, however, seems to have been as highly gifted as those telepathists of genius who occasionally make their astonishing appearance among us. To work with one of these exceptionally gifted persons is an extraordinary and even rather disquieting experience. Of the nature of thought transference we are ignorant. All we can be sure of is that it is not a form of wireless. It seems to be a purely mental phenomena.

The reality of cryptesthesia in its various forms may, I think, be regarded as established. (Water divining is regarded as so unquestionably a reality that landed proprietors, business firms, and even government departments will pay money to dowzers, in the confident belief that they are making sound investments.)

When we come to what are called the physical phenomena, we find ourselves on unsafer ground. The question that confronts us is this. How far are human beings able to affect matter directly, by means of their minds? For purposes of this investigation, matter must be divided up into three classes — matter included in the subject's own body, matter in the bodies of other human beings, and the matter of which the rest of the world, animate and inanimate, is made up.

In the past it was supposed that mind affected the matter of its body only in a few easily defined ways — as when, for example, mind willed that the hand should be lifted and the muscles duly performed the act. But

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — See "Are We 'Psychic' Beings?" December FORUM; "The Practical Side of Psychism," January FORUM; "After Death—What?" February FORUM.

recently the psychologists have made it clear that the influence of mind over its body is much greater than was supposed a couple of generations ago. There seems to be no doubt now that the symptoms of most diseases can be produced by the mind — that we are ill, in many cases, because, for some obscure and unrealized reason, we want to be ill. At one time it was thought that only functional diseases could be produced by the mind.

But inasmuch as derangement of function produces a corresponding derangement of the organs involved, it is now seen that the mind can actually produce organic disease. Moreover, it has been shown that, if you suggest to a man under deep hypnosis that (for example) the piece of stamp paper you are sticking to his hand is not stamp paper but a blister plaster, a blister will actually rise at the spot. The *Malade Imaginaire* turns out to be really and physically ill. It will thus be seen that the “supernormal” action of a mind on the matter of its body differs from its “normal” action not in kind but only in degree.

That saints should receive the stigmata is a mysterious and astonishing fact but not much more mysterious, not more astonishing than that doctors should be able to raise blisters on their patients by means of suggestion and that the patients should be able by some process of subconscious autosuggestion to endow themselves with practically all the ills, outside a few infectious diseases, that flesh is heir to. If the accounts of certain supernormal physical phenomena are true, then the mind’s capacity to affect its body is even greater than the modern psychologist supposes it to be.

But are they true? To review all the evidence would be impossible. I will confine myself to a few brief comments on the curious phenomenon of fire walking.

III

FIRE WALKING, as I have remarked before, is a rite practiced in almost every part of the world by peoples as widely different in race and culture as the Hindus, the Japanese, and the Maoris. These rites have frequently been witnessed by competent European observers, many of whom actually followed the native worshipers across the expanse of red-hot stones

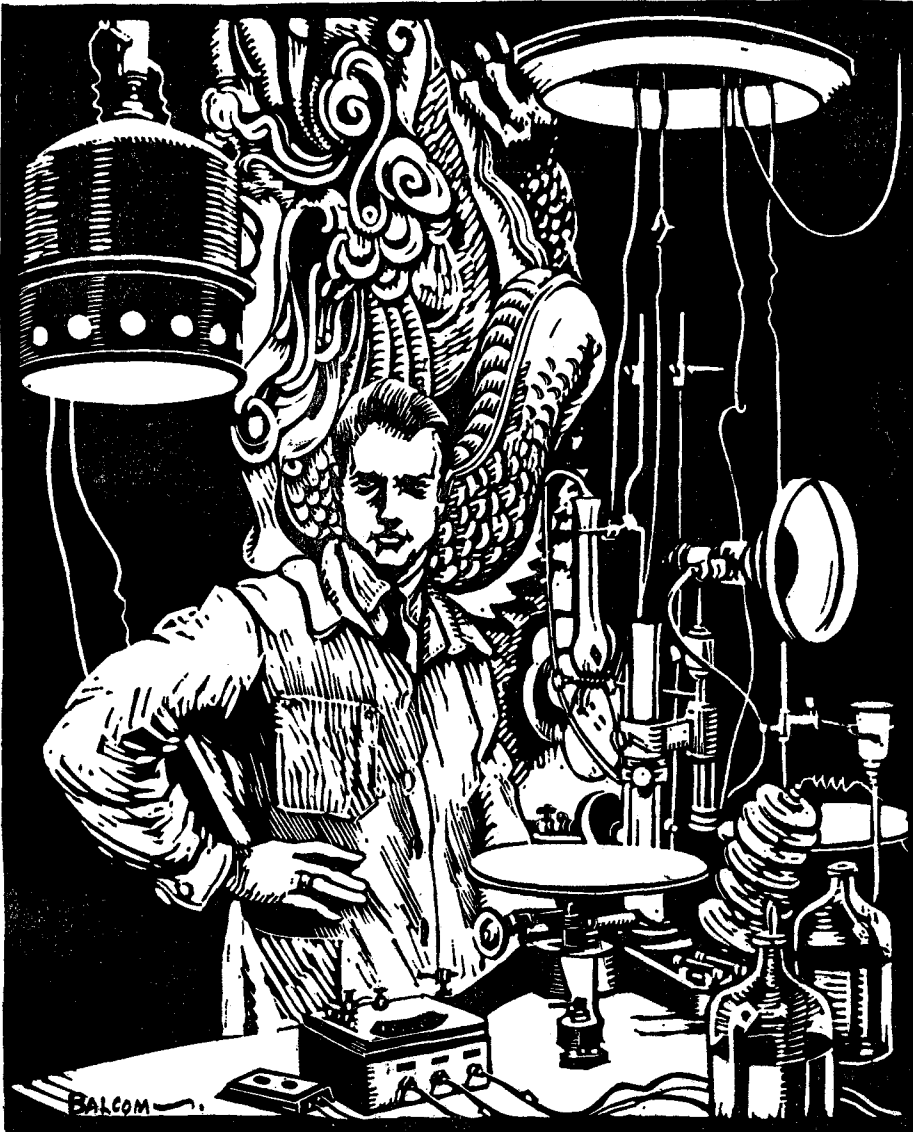
or burning charcoal prepared for the celebration of the ritual.

Andrew Lang collected several reports of fire walking and published them in the fifteenth volume of the *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*; and this year, in *The Listener*, several more recent cases were described and illustrated with photographs. After reading these accounts, one is forced to believe that certain people are able by some unexplained mental process to immunize their bodies against the effects of intense heat. But this is not all. The rank and file of the native worshipers and the European observers are able to walk unscathed through the fire because they are in some way under the protection of the priestly organizers of the rite.

Yet more remarkable is the fact that, according to several of the accounts, the immunity to heat is extended not only to other human bodies but also to inanimate matter. Trailing garments belonging to the fire walkers are not scorched, though the heat of the stones or charcoal is sufficient to cause a dry branch to burst into flame. If the accounts of fire walking are reliable, we have evidence that certain minds can cause altogether abnormal modifications in all of the three classes of matter — the matter composing the bodies that belong to these minds, the matter of other human bodies, and the matter of which the rest of the world is formed.

I have selected fire walking as my main example of a supernormal physical phenomenon for the good reason that it is an event about which it is very difficult to make involuntary mistakes. A man who says he has walked over glowing charcoal so hot that a dry branch brought into contact with it bursts into flame is either speaking the truth or telling a lie. There is almost no psychological possibility of his merely thinking that he walked over something which he merely inferred to be hot. Fire walking has one great advantage over almost all other manifestations of supernormal physical phenomena: it is easy to observe and lends itself to unequivocal experimental test.

Most physical mediums refuse to work except in the dark or by a dim, red light, which, experiment shows, reveals practically nothing. I have attended a certain number of séances and I can assert that, after sitting for half an



hour in a dark and very stuffy room, listening to a gramophone playing the same tune over and over again, I am not prepared to accept even my own testimony of what occurs. I know that, in these circumstances, I shall almost certainly observe badly and remember inaccurately. The lamentable fallibility of human testimony has been demonstrated by many psychologists, and a few years ago experiments were carried out by the S.P.R. to test the reliability of trained and untrained observers in the séance room.

The results, published in the fortieth volume of the Society's proceedings, are really appalling. When the test was over, sitters were asked to answer in writing a series of simple questions about what had actually occurred during the half hour of the séance. The examination papers were marked by the person who

had arranged the details of the test. Out of a possible total of 100 the highest recorded mark was 61, the lowest 6, the average 34. The mistakes made were not merely mistakes of omission; several observers described remarkable phenomena which had never occurred at all. Thus, some of them declared that they had seen colored lights, others that they had heard raps. There were no raps, and, except for some dabs of luminous paint, no lights.

These experiments show that it is really a complete waste of time to attend or read about any séance at which the supposed physical phenomena are not automatically recorded by fraud- and fool-proof instruments and at which the medium is not under

complete control. Up to date very few properly controlled experiments with physical mediums have ever been made. One medium appears to have demonstrated his ability to interrupt a beam of infrared light passing between two points beyond his normal reach; and another medium has, in daylight and under laboratory conditions, caused pendulums enclosed in a glass case to vibrate. For the rest, we must be content to suspend judgment.

Hauntings are psychical phenomena that occur spontaneously and do not require the intervention of a medium. There is some tolerably good evidence for the ancient belief that in certain places noises and apparitions may be persistently heard and seen.

Poltergeists — those imps of mischief that delight in petty destruction — occupy an intermediate position between hauntings and the

physical phenomena directly due to mediums. It is a fact of observation that the apparently supernatural smashing of crockery and furniture, characteristic of poltergeist activity, is almost invariably associated with a young person, generally a girl and often rather feeble-minded, of about the age of puberty.

IV

WE NOW COME to the problem of survival after death — or, to be more accurate, to the problem of communication between the dead and the living. For, of course, there is nothing illogical in the belief (it is that of all orthodox Christians) that souls survive bodily death but are not able to communicate with the living. Survival cannot be directly observed; it is a working hypothesis used to explain other phenomena. We regard a scientific hypothesis as “true” if it explains the greatest possible number of facts in the simplest possible way.

Thus, many people believe that the observed facts of “cross correspondence” between messages received by several automatic writers working independently is most simply explained on the hypothesis that a disembodied spirit is dictating to the various mediums disconnected fragments, which when put together reveal the existence of an intelligible literary whole. Others, on the contrary, think that such phenomena are most economically explained in terms of telepathy between living minds. Both hypotheses involve their supporters in considerable difficulties.

If there is survival, what is it that survives? The soul, comes the prompt reply. But what precisely is the soul? For the ancients the disembodied soul was a poor, miserable entity condemned, when deprived by death of its material instrument, to lead an ineffective existence in the dimmest of hereafters. This

Homeric soul bears a close resemblance to what one of the acutest of contemporary philosophers, Professor Broad, calls the “psychic factor” — a certain intangible something which, in conjunction with matter, constitutes the mind and which, when separated from matter, may preserve certain mental qualities but remains inferior to mind.

The Christians regarded the soul as immortal; but they insisted that, after the Second Coming, it would once more be associated with matter. “As the soul separated from the body is naturally imperfect, the consummation of its happiness, replete with every good, seems to demand the resurrection of the body.” So writes a modern Catholic theologian, Father Maas, S.J. Like the Catholics, most Protestants profess to believe in this resurrection.

But it is worthy of note that the doctrine has now become extremely unfashionable and that many Christians who think themselves orthodox tend more and more to fall into the Manichaeian and Albigensian heresy of regarding the future life as wholly immaterial. Many spiritualists, on the other hand, seem to think that, at death, the departed soul makes use of some form of attenuated matter. (See the description of the next world in Sir Oliver Lodge’s *Raymond*.)

The view that survival is purely spiritual seems to find some support in the fact that the spirits (for I assume for the sake of argument that the entities that manifest themselves at séances are spirits) reveal themselves in most cases as being distinctly inferior in mental capacity to the living men and women they once inhabited. If the soul is what Homer, Professor Broad, and, with qualifications, even orthodox Christians imagine it to be — a thing which can attain perfection only in conjunction with a body — this decline of power after death is precisely what we should expect.

Mr. Huxley will continue his discussion of psychic research in the May FORUM.

A PAGE FOR POETS

CONDUCTED BY HENRY GODDARD LEACH



President, Poetry Society of America

TUNING UP

AMERICA is writing verse again. The other Sunday I opened an old tin box in the family closet and found that it contained bundles of letters, tied in gay ribbons, dating from the early decades a century ago. These notes were all acceptances or regrets to dinners and parties, and the reason that they had escaped the scrap basket was that they were all written in rhyme. Apparently it was a special courtesy to your hostess in that very polite age to reply to her gracious invitation in verse. Those were the days when we were tuning up for Longfellow and Lowell, for Whitman and Poe. And it seems that at this present time we are tuning up for something important in poetry again. Apparently every American village, every school has its poetry group of shy but joyous rhymesters. Verse seems to be one of our releases from the headachy adding machines of the New Deal. If you have delicate ears you can detect in your neighborhood a buzzing undertone of amateur metrists as insistent as the whir of cicadas in your orchard on a hot August day.

"When is a poem a poem?" I once asked Vachel Lindsay, and he answered, "When it is enjoyed and accepted by the community; when the local blacksmith and the carpenter, the doctor and the schoolteacher all agree that they like it and want to keep it." And he deplored the judgment which rejects verses that do not succeed in becoming nationalized through publication in our million-circulation magazines. Happily organs for the more local publication of verse are now springing up all over the country. On my desk I have some sixty tabloid magazines devoted almost exclusively to verse.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse announces that more than a thousand organizations, representing over five million people, will co-operate in the ninth annual celebration of Poetry Week, the fourth week in May. The founder of Poetry Week, Mrs. Anita Browne, has recently established the headquarters of a National Poetry

Center in the Radio City Building of Rockefeller Center. Another announcement electrifying to poets is the organization by Mrs. Hugh Bullock, with the aid of an advisory board of poets, of an American Academy of Poets. The Academy hopes to provide annual fellowships of as much as \$5,000 for American writers.

At Smith College the girls have revived a sixteenth-century custom. They print their verse in Rhyme Sheets and have them hawked on the campus by criers with hand bells. But these girls also employ twentieth-century methods. Selections from their verses they broadcast from Springfield, to put them over not only on the campus but to the country at large.

So poetry in America also marches on.

ANNIVERSARY ODE

OH POETRY *Society of America*,
Protector of Apollo's esoterica,
But yesterday I knew you in the nursery,
And now it is your Silver Anniversary!
Your vigor and vitality embolden one
To wager that you'll celebrate your
golden one.
Long may you help the Muses and the
Graces

To teach the colts of Pegasus their paces!
Such was the happy salutation of Arthur Guiterman, former President of the Poetry Society of America, to its twenty-fifth annual dinner in New York City on January 31.

The perennial officer of the Poetry Society is the Corresponding Secretary, tireless friend of all poets, Miss Margery Mansfield, 516 East 78th Street, New York. Edwin Markham is the perpetual Honorary President. This year Margaret Widdemer is the Honorary Secretary and the Vice-Presidents are Joseph Auslander, Leonora Speyer, and Padraic Colum.

INTERSCHOLASTIC POETRY CONTEST

THE RESULTS of THE FORUM's 1935 Interscholastic Poetry Contest will be announced in the May issue. Seven hundred ninety-three entries were received. They came from 197 schools in 37 states, Alaska, and the District of

Columbia. Of course, most of them are pleasant and commendable exercises in verse and not necessarily pure poetry.

DOGS, ETC.

SOME MONTHS back this editor returned some verse submitted by a Philadelphia poet, Mary Borland, with the truculent advice that she try an airplane trip to Yucatan or, failing that, practice standing on her head in her own backyard. Nothing daunted, this versatile poet submitted a new sheaf of verse illustrating moods of "stand-on-the-headitiveness." The delighted editor promptly accepted a poem which will shortly appear, "On the Kennelly-Heaviside Layer." But the editor did not wish to be labeled bizarre in his choice of subjects. In fact he has recently been successful in publishing poems on cows and other barnyard animals. So he wrote Mary Borland suggesting a poem about a dog. She replies, "Could you give me a hint — do you want a metaphysical dog, a comic dog, a tragic dog, a Laura-Benetesque dog, a pastoral or sheep dog, a sentimental Victorian dog?" What is more she submitted several specimen studies for poems on dogs, of which I beg her leave to quote two:

One Swift Kick (To a Pet Griffon)

Had I not walked on so blindly,
Had I thought to look behind me,
Had I chatted less politely,
Had I known you meant to bite me.

You had never had a chance
To nip me in the Sunday pants.
One swift kick, and then we'll sever
I sincerely hope forever.

On the Death of Clorinda's Pug

Bring dog-tooth violets, dog-roses red.
Poor Pug is dead.
He ate
A well-filled plate
Three times a day,
And in my arms he snored his life away.
Alas! all flesh is grass,
And even well-beloved pugs must turn
at last to clay.

How many know—

WHO SAID IT?



\$1,000.00 for good memories

HERE are the awards in the February-issue *Who Said It?* Contest:

First prize, \$50, to Arthur R. Blessing, of the Naval War College at Newport, R. I.

Second prizes, \$10 each, to Miss Helen L. Thomas, Harvard College Observatory, Cambridge, Mass., and Miss Margaret Beauchamp, 1804 Hanover Ave., Richmond, Va.

The Editor's felicitations to the talented winners! They and all other entries have been entered for the Sweepstakes award of \$500. And the many contestants who first entered the fray in February are urged to remember that they have the same chance for this prize as the rest, provided they mail in a complete set of answers by June 14. Readers who wish to compete in the Sweepstakes and need back issues to do so may obtain these by remitting 35 cents for each copy desired to the Circulation Manager of *THE FORUM*, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Prize winners in the March-issue contest will be announced next month. Entries for the April issue must be received by the *Who Said It?* Editor, at the address above, by 6 P.M. on Monday, April 15. Remember, entries for this and all other contests *must* be made on the blanks printed monthly in *THE FORUM*.

A contestant has asked whether the fictional character as well as the author should be named in the case of a quotation taken from a novel or play. The strictest interpretation

of the contest rules would seem to indicate that *either* would suffice. But contestants are urged to give *both* character and author, for, on the whole, the most complete reply would seem to be the "most nearly correct" (see Rule 3).

By and large, the results of the two contests judged to date show that readers of *THE FORUM* are very well read people indeed. But no *perfect* set of replies has yet been received. At this stage of the contest, nine correct names is a high score.

Quotation Number 5 in the February contest troubled many entrants. Completely baffled, one reader gave it up, but wrote sadly opposite it — "doubtless an economic expert on household topics"! And we feel that Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt would be highly flattered were she aware that she has been awarded authorship of a line from one of the greatest Latin poets of antiquity.

We may say, too, that, had we not been already aware of the extent to which the Roosevelt Administration's words and deeds are being seized upon and discussed throughout the country, the reading of these contest blanks would have informed us of it. The commonest resource of contestants who find themselves at a loss for an answer is to give the President the benefit of the doubt and the credit for an extremely varied array of utterances.

CONTEST RULES

1. *The Who Said It?* Contest is open to any reader of THE FORUM Magazine, except employees of THE FORUM, members of their families, or their relatives.

2. This issue of THE FORUM, the last three, and each of the next two issues will contain ten quotations. The object of the contest is to identify the individual who uttered the quotation.

3. THE FORUM Magazine will award monthly prizes (first prize \$50.00 and two prizes of \$10.00 each) to the person or persons who submit the *most nearly correct* sets of replies. In addition to the monthly prizes there will be a Sweepstakes prize of \$500.00 for the *most nearly correct* replies in *all six* sets of quotations. All entries will be dated in order of receipt, and weight will be given to promptness. Allowance will be made for entries mailed from distant points. The Sweepstakes award will be announced in the August issue of THE FORUM.

4. Entries of answers to the set of quotations printed in this issue must be received by the Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest, THE FORUM Magazine, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City, by April 15, 1935. Closing dates of the

other monthly contests will be announced later. The closing date for the Sweepstakes prize is June 14, 1935. Contestants must sign their names and give their address. Entries received without name and address will not be considered.

5. Entries must be sent in on the entry blanks printed in this, the last three, and the two succeeding issues of THE FORUM Magazine.

6. The Editor of THE FORUM Magazine will be the sole judge of the *Who Said It?* Contest, and, by submitting their entries, contestants agree to accept as final the decision of the Editor of THE FORUM Magazine in any and all matters affecting the conduct of the contest and the awarding of prizes.

7. Any contestant may enter as many sets of answers as he pleases.

8. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The Editor of THE FORUM Magazine cannot undertake to enter into correspondence relative to the *Who Said It?* Contest, nor will any entry or set of entries be returned.

ENTRY FORM—APRIL

Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest
The Forum Magazine
570 Lexington Avenue, New York City

I desire to submit the following entry in the *Who Said It?* Contest and I agree to abide by the Contest Rules printed above.

Who Said It?

1. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold. Ryan
2. O world I cannot hold thee close enough. _____
3. Houses and fields and vineyards shall be possessed again in this land. _____
4. A man in a passion rides a mad horse. _____
5. Three hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets. _____
6. Whatever violates, infringes or abrogates fundamental American liberty violates the life principle of America as a nation. _____
7. True piety is this; to look on all things with a master eye, and mind at peace. _____
8. I do not mind being made ignominious, but I hate to be made ignominious by a man of that type. _____
9. So the needs of human beings became the occasion and the opportunity for service to the nation. _____
10. The man recovered of the bite, the dog it was that died. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This form must be received by April 15, 1935

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.



FREE FROM PREJUDICE

To the Editor:

Permit me to express my appreciation of your splendid editorial policy, which sponsors such articles as "Germany's Foreign Policy," by Konstantin Freiherr von Neurath, in your January issue.

Many of us are looking forward to your later papers along this line, for THE FORUM is quite alone in this freedom from prejudice and distortion.

LEO A. HOEFER

Chicago, Ill.

REBUKE

To the Editor:

I have just read in THE FORUM [February] an article by Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing on "A Protest from the Humble." What a rebuke to most of us depression howlers! The story has such a subtle truth in it that the effect of its publication should have a far-reaching influence on our social economics.

L. D. PEIK

Warren, O.

To the Editor:

I want to tell you how much I truly enjoyed "A Protest from the Humble." . . . Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing made a case for those underprivileged folks. We need to know how some of our native Americans live because of poverty and isolation. . . .

ZELA R. IVEY

Crawfordsville, Ind.

To the Editor:

I hope you will give us more about the Ozark people. . . . The Southeastern highlanders have been well exploited in our papers and magazines, but we have not heard so much of these highlanders west of the Mississippi. . . .

THAD. S. TINSLEY

Pastor, Ridgewood Christian Church
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SICILIANS

To the Editor:

Allow me to take vigorous exception to your libel of the Sicilians in your February editorial in THE FORUM, entitled "Revolt against Crime." To say that the "Mafia" influence extends to the second and third generations of Sicilians in this country is an exaggeration that falsely indicts thousands of respectable and honorable young Americans.

. . . The typical American gangster . . . is indigenously an American, characteristic of America's contribution to the

technique of crime. A member of the "Mafia," carrying out a "vendetta," which sometimes required ten years, is far removed from the gangster of today who mows them down in two or three seconds from the window of a speeding auto.

Surely the hereditary "Mafia" influence would have caused more trouble among the Sicilians than it has, considering that there are about 400,000 of them, mostly gathered in the congested areas of our large cities. The point is that if there are any criminals among them, it is environment and not heredity that makes them so. . . .

The fulcrum of crime has shifted to the rural districts where the Dillingers and the "Pretty Boy" Floyds play. . . . Don't names like Barker, Millen, Barron, etc. remind you strongly of that prodigious breed of the Mayflower? . . .

I have handled hundreds of cases as a parole officer . . . and I know that your conclusions about the Sicilians are unjustified. As a matter of fact, the Neapolitans, and I am of Neapolitan descent, are more given to the primrose life of love and leisure obtainable with the least possible exertion than are the Sicilians. . . .

A. BEVILACQUA

Providence, R. I.

COMMUNISM AND ART

To the Editor:

The plea for a democratic form of government which Mary M. Colum makes ["Writers and Human Rights"] in the January FORUM is admirable and convincing. The dictum that only democracies can adopt ad libitum good devices evolved by other nationals without violent revolution is a point well taken. The bold statement, however, that communism is a barren doctrine is not so compelling. Why collective ownership of land, production, and distribution should prove deadening to the higher and better instincts of human nature is not clear. And why a society in which a few have too much and the many too little should be a stimulus to intellectual and spiritual growth is equally obscure.

Can art flourish only between the poles of opulence and poverty? Must the ladder of science and letters rest its risers on empty stomachs and Carnegie foundations? What are the odds to budding genius if a university or laboratory is maintained by the state or endowed by steel mongers, affluent widows, and distillers of whisky and gin? Under which ægis lies the greater peril to academic freedom?

No class has garnered a more gorgeous harvest from popular education than the literary group, and Soviet Russia is strong on primary schools and child welfare. I very much fear Mrs. Colum will have a hard time defending her thesis that "Communism has behind it a metaphysic . . . which is blighting to the artist, the intellectual man, the religious man, to all who believe in the spirit." It would appear that a form of government the goal of which is to abolish poverty, deliver youth from the Moloch of industry, and enforce universal education is not following a "barren" doctrine, however clumsy may be the technique.

How many Homers have perished before they were able to fend for themselves can be answered only in eternity, but the presumption is their name is legion. Shall genius forever shiver in garrets while pudgy mediocrity basks in the warmth of palatial homes and feeds upon the manna of inherited wealth and stockjobbers' profits? What sort of metaphysic is behind the age-old habit of garlanding morons and casting talent upon the ant heap?

PARK ANDERSON

Hogeland, Mont.

FALSE ECONOMY

To the Editor:

. . . What Mrs. Carter so poignantly reveals ["Poor Professors," by Ann Preston Carter, February FORUM] is a situation which is by no means to get any better until the colleges have courage enough to stick by adequate tuition rates. . . .

If we are to guarantee to our youth contact with rich personalities, we must see that these personalities have every opportunity for developing, that they are given reasonable facility in their effort to maintain a genuine home life of their own, to travel, to read, to be in touch with the good things of life. . . .

IRVING MAURER

President, Beloit College
Beloit, Wisconsin

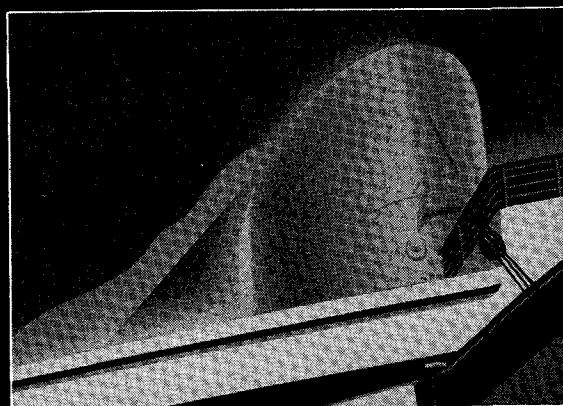
IS IT SPORT?

A reaction to "Sportsman from Malaga," by George Marvin, in the March issue:

To the Editor:

. . . Frankly, we cannot understand why bullfighting should be regarded as a sport. The matador pits his skill against the blind fury and strength of the bull, but the animal is doomed when it enters the ring. Neither do the blindfolded horses that are used to tire out the bull have a chance. . . .

It is not fair to compare bullfighting



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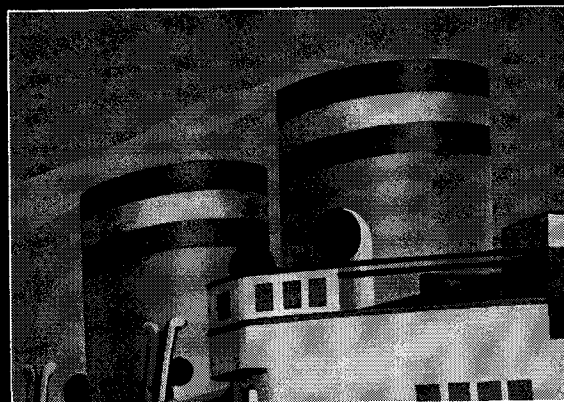
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My name and address are on the margin.

Q-2



OUR ROSTRUM

as a "sport" with football or boxing or any other type of public entertainment in which humans contest against one another. They do so of their own accord . . . but the animals turned into the arena are sacrificed without choice to provide amusement for a bloodthirsty crowd. . . .

SYDNEY H. COLEMAN

Executive Vice-President

American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I congratulate and join hands with Mr. Robert W. Herrick of Providence, R. I., for his courage in protesting against the inhumane article on bullfighting published in your March issue.

The majority of your readers, I feel sure, hold the same opinions about bullfighting and any other articles which tend toward lowering American ideals.

How anyone can look upon cruelty and torture as a thing of sport and recreation is beyond my comprehension.

Generally speaking, your magazine imparts to the people of America the highest and noblest ideals known to mankind. Please do not lower this standard by publishing such degrading items as the "Sportsman from Malaga."

S. E. HODNETT

Martinsville, Va.

THEY CALL A HALT

To the Editor:

Mr. Hooker [Elon Huntington Hooker, author of "Power and the New Deal — Keep Government out of Business"] in the March FORUM shows clearly that the New Deal has made, and continues to make, bad conditions worse and that we are approaching a very critical stage.

It is high time that someone, and that means you and I and others who see the danger, strenuously object to piling up of debts, destroying freedom of states and individuals, and harassing business.

The time has come for all patriotic citizens to arouse from their lethargy, unite under competent leadership, and call a halt to the downward course that leads to chaos.

A Patrick Henry is needed to thunder through the halls of Congress and through the states of the commonwealth the question: "Why stand we here idle?"

Only a mass appeal now and a clear mandate through the ballot box later can preserve the Constitution and the laws.

C. R. PICKERING, M.D.

Muscoda, Wis.

To the Editor:

. . . Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, Chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority ["Power and the New Deal — Selfish Interest Must Go"] attempts to justify the TVA project by claiming that the charge

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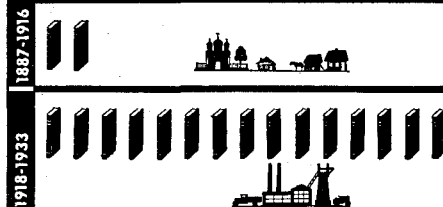
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that will be made for the electric power generated and sold by the government plant in the Tennessee Valley will become a yardstick to measure the reasonableness of the power rates of the private utility corporations in all parts of the United States.

The TVA power rates will be false yardsticks because many elements of cost properly considered in the computation of private utility rates, such as reasonable dividends to stockholders, fair interest payments to bondholders, and local and state taxes on the property, franchise, and income of the private corporation, will be disregarded in the calculation of the rate to be charged by the TVA. The special advantages possessed by the TVA, a few of which have been enumerated in this paragraph, will subject the private utilities to a high degree of unfair competition.

ADAM GREENER

Hartford, Conn.

CONTINUING THE FIGHT

To the Editor:

. . . I have just read with great interest Margaret Sanger's timely and penetrating article, "National Security and Birth Control," in the March issue of THE FORUM.

It does seem as if sixty-two years should be long enough for Congress to correct the error it made in enacting a statute classifying the science of contraception with dirty photographs and reading matter. The bill now pending to dissociate these subjects gives Congress an opportunity to undo the error into which it was led by Anthony Comstock. Mrs. Sanger's irrefutable argument for such legislation is a challenge to the courage and enlightenment of Congress. The fight for birth control is a winning fight, but it is not yet won. It has won over public opinion but not Congress. Isn't it strange when such a fundamental question is at stake that a distinction has to be made between public opinion and Congress?

GEORGE AUBREY HASTINGS

Tamblyn & Tamblyn
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The article . . . by Margaret Sanger came at an opportune time, since the demands by overpopulated countries in Asia and Europe for new lands in which they may expand are again threatening the peace of the world.

No greater service could be rendered the cause of peace by the ruling statesmen in these overpopulated countries than the enactment by them of laws which would permit the general dissemination of information concerning birth control in the manner outlined in the article by Mrs. Sanger. The result would be a sub-



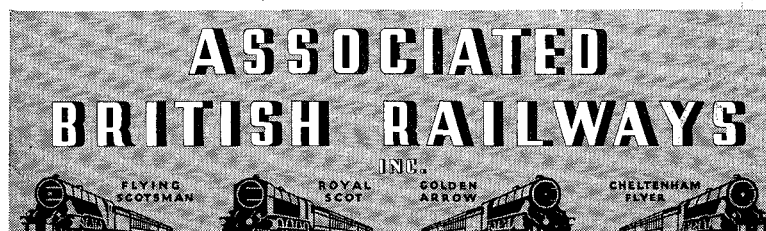
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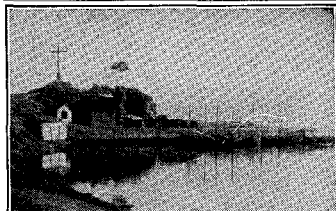
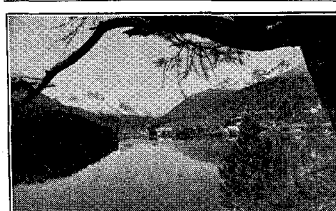
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OUR ROSTRUM

stantial decrease in the birth rate and population of these countries and the removal of the most important cause of war.

LEVI MERENS

New Haven, Conn.

RE. MATRIMONY

To the Editor:

Of course women who are born to be spinsters should remain spinsters. The Anonymous ["I'd Rather Be a Spinster"] of your March issue made a great mistake in not doing so. . . .

The only trouble with Anonymous seems to be that she lacks humor, generosity, passion, courage. Or maybe this is one of her off moments.

I was acutely unhappy in reading her article until I pinched myself and remembered that all women (thank God!) aren't like that. Please extend my sympathy to her husband.

WENDELL BROOKS PHILLIPS
Professor of English

Piedmont College
Demorest, Ga.

To the Editor:

The anonymous author . . . need not sigh "I'd Rather Be a Spinster" — she still is! She may have entered into matrimony but not into marriage. From her narrow viewpoint it seems to mean all the advantages and none of the responsibilities.

Her article is valuable for its provoca-

tiveness, but, fortunately, it will not warp the general conception of marriage to any such narrow pattern as she draws.

HOWARD WILEY

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Sorry, but the spinster article . . . is a dud. It is too bad someone did not write it who really meant what she said and who could say something worth meaning. Surely there are far weightier objections to matrimony than planning meals, marketing, and little things like that.

The impression the present article gives is that marriage is not bad at all provided you get a nice, elderly, easy-going, sympathetic gentleman for a husband and that if it were not for cookstoves and picking up soiled shirts it would be ideal.

JANE M,

Watertown, N. Y.

SPEED AND DEATH

To the Editor:

. . . I was particularly interested in the article entitled "Death on the Highway," by Russell Holt Peters, in the February number. . . .

I have been wondering for a long time how the public could apparently be so indifferent about the undue loss of life and the needless waste of property in unnecessary automobile accidents. It is heartening to know that we are getting ready to do something about it.

It seems to me that we have made a fetish of speed and that we lose much more than we gain by it. I believe that if it were not for speed and reckless drivers that more people would buy automobiles and enjoy them in leisurely rides and trips. The interests of the people who want safe driving should be respected far more than they have been.

A good many things need to be done to solve the traffic problems, but the two most important are to eliminate excessive speed and to keep the intoxicated drivers off the roads.

FRANK O. KECK

West Farmington, O.

CONSTITUTION VS. CHILDREN

To the Editor:

Ruth M. Miner's article ["The Child Labor Amendment" — Con, February FORUM] against a child-labor amendment is, obviously, mercenary sophistry and paraphrase. One who has had experience in various parts of the country would have to be generous to call it specious. . . .

JOHN ROWLAND

Weimar, Calif.

To the Editor:

The fundamental objections against this so-called amendment are clearly set forth in the statement of Ruth M. Miner of the Albany Bar. This so-called Child Labor Amendment is, in my judgment, the most objectionable legislation ever proposed by the Congress. It would hand



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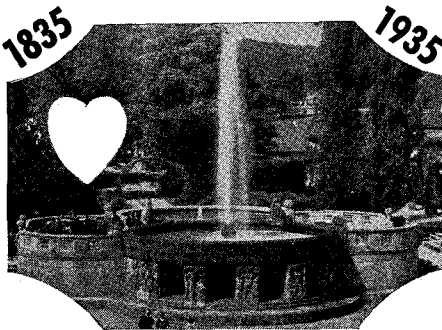
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OUR ROSTRUM

over to a politically controlled bureau in Washington the power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of all persons up to the age of 18. That any supporter of the Constitution of the United States would be willing to remove from the family and the communities in the various states the power to regulate the labor of persons up to 18 is an incomprehensible thing.

Miss Perkins' [Frances Perkins, "The Child Labor Amendment" — pro] argument is one she has long urged. She is quite willing to overturn the provisions of the Constitution in order to carry out what she considers a social reform. . . .

HENRY S. PRITCHETT

The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Why don't the proponents of the Child Labor Amendment change the text to read:

"Section I. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the *gainful employment* of persons under 18 years of age."

This would do away with a lot of the silly arguments against it.

HELEN S. EATON

New York, N. Y.

UNEMPLOYMENT

To the Editor:

I believe Mr. Lowe [J. Blake Lowe, "Profitable Unemployment," February FORUM] is right about what should be done with the unemployable, but why put able workers in such a place when they might be producing much more and gain more benefit therefrom by working in our idle industrial plants? Why aren't these men working in them now? Because the owners of idle plants can't profit enough by operating them. In other words, the present unemployment situation is due to a strike of capital. Why not legislate to stop the strike by forcing the owners of idle plants to open them, sell their products for what they can get for them, and pay their labor in accordance with what they get for the products?

Under such a plan labor would have sufficient buying power to buy the products of its work but not necessarily sufficient debt-paying power; that is another problem anyway.

JOHN H. ELKINS

Arlington, Tex.

To the Editor:

. . . The author suggests that the unemployed be placed on a reservation (like the Indians) and segregated from the rest of (employed) society much in the manner of a leper colony — with no money as such. The reason for such a



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scheme seems to emanate from two subterfuges: (1) to take the burden from "legitimate" business and (2) to try communism out on a "small scale" in lieu of national communism.

In answer to the first — it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to define, expound, and classify just what is "legitimate" business in the U. S. today. All business is balanced in profit, and since that is our present system millions of people are impoverished because of its collapse. . . .

My primary objection to the author's thesis is that he wishes to make (perhaps unknowingly) scapegoats of the unemployed and their families, to have them shoulder the entire burden of a social experiment. Why make the innocent suffer for the guilty? Why should those who had no hand in the depression be continuously forced to take it on the chin? The majority of the unemployed are stalwart American citizens; why should they be treated as a cancerous growth — to be dissected and ostracized from their more fortunate brothers? . . .

DON RIO VALLERO

Santa Monica, Calif.

THE PRESS AT FLEMINGTON

To the Editor:

Permit me to congratulate you most heartily on, and thank you for, your fine Editorial Foreword, "Hold, enough!" in the March FORUM.

Though unable to express my sentiments in the same splendid manner, I can and do applaud when I see or hear them expressed by someone else.

I have been seething with indignation at the Flemington Roman holiday and thought how much better they do these things in England. It would be well for Uncle Sam to emulate the legal dignity with which John Bull would have conducted the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case, in court and in the press. . . .

KITTY MARION

New York, N. Y.

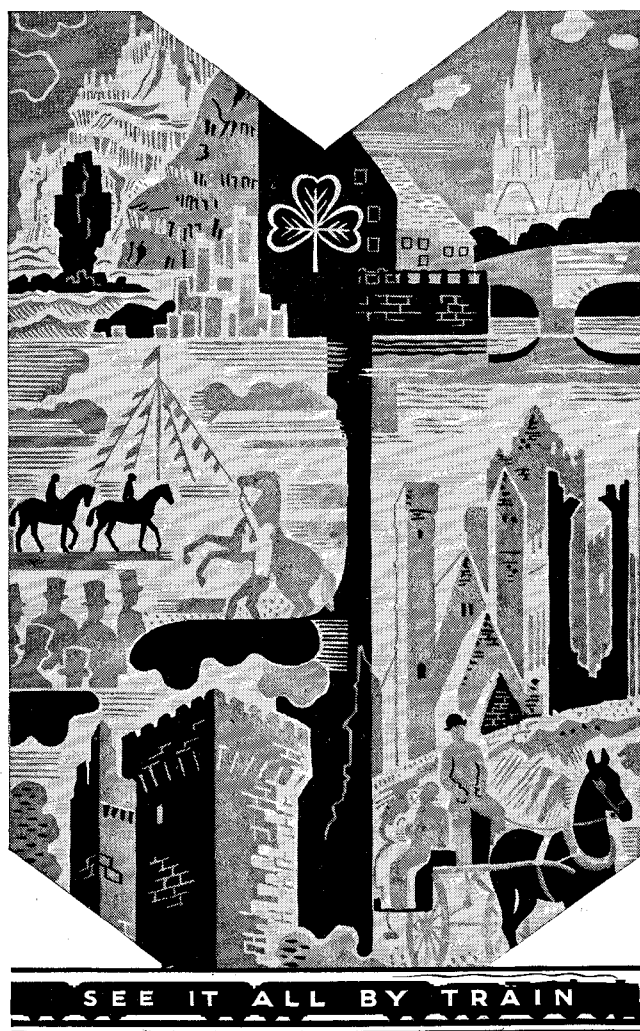
To the Editor:

Dr. Leach's editorial hits the spot. It's shameful that we (all of us or most of us) make spectacles out of sorry incidents.

I wouldn't blame the newspapers too much for supplying the stuff. They must do it.

If you want to blame something or somebody, blame journalists as a class, the whole caboodle of us, for not making wholesome things interesting. We could if we would. But it is hard to do, and it will take several generations of better journalists to do it.

We are doing it a bit now, here and there. Note how science has been made popular — the best example. On political reporting we are still in the same old rut, writing of politics as if it were a



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4. "Economic Planning on a Quarter Turn of the Heart." . . . A revaluation of Mr. Wallace in the light of the AAA "purge" and other matters.
5. "Harry Hopkins, Tailor to the Existing Order." . . . An analysis of the New Deal's relief policies with particular reference to the part Mr. Hopkins has played in shaping them.
6. "Old-Fashioned Honesty Revalued." . . . A study of the Interior Department and FWA and, perforce, of Mr. Ickes and his conferees.
7. "Hacking to Justice on Gift Horses from Farley." . . . Why Mr. Cummings' Department runs but gets nowhere.
8. "Hull House on Pennsylvania Avenue." . . . The sad, sad story of the Secretary of State's attempt to Jeffersonize twentieth century foreign policy.
9. "Refurbishing an Old Ghost." . . . The story of banking and taxation under the Deal and the parts therein of Messrs. Morgenthau and Eccles.
10. "The President Is Not Norman Thomas." . . . Dissecting the New Deal's nerve center, the White House, where "Yes, yes, go on" means all things to all men.

You'll read Ward On Washington in book form next fall — keep ahead of the times — read him in THE NATION now! His articles appear every other week beginning March 28.

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game, a sport. On economics we still write pretty much for the financial man or the leading businessman and entirely too little for the little businessman who has five employees.

It's our fault — journalists' fault.

W. M. KIPLINGER

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Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

... "Hold, enough!" Yes, enough, and more than enough! How long are the decent people of this land of ours going to endure such disgraceful spectacles as the Hauptmann trial? It is incredible that such mockery should have been made of so great a tragedy. . . .

But one thing that was commented upon so much was the playing up of every insignificant character and scarcely ever the mention of that adorable curly-haired victim, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. He seemed to have been entirely forgotten, and the Hauptmann child held up to bait the sympathy of the world. . . .

LUCILLE SMITH

Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

To the Editor:

Just a few days ago, I wrote you to discontinue my copies of THE FORUM. . . .

However, since receiving the March number, which is my last, I have changed my mind and am enclosing you my personal check for \$4 for another year's subscription. Your editorial, "Hold, enough!" is a brave and powerful arraignment of the evils connected with the Hauptmann trial. There are throngs of individuals in the United States who concur with you in your position on this whole matter; I wish every one of them could read your editorial.

PETER V. RICE

Executive Vice-President

Elberton Chamber of Commerce
Elberton, Ga.

HUMANITARIAN NOTE

Many readers of Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing's article, "A Protest from the Humble," which dealt with the drab lives of Ozark Mountain women, in the February issue, were considerably moved. A number of letters have been received at THE FORUM offices from persons wishing to direct baskets of food or packages of useful articles to these underprivileged citizens. All such inquiries are being forwarded to Mrs. Moyer-Wing, who knows her country intimately and can see that such well-meant efforts do not go astray.

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Menu

THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS IN THE SOUTH, by Allen Tate

THE GRAVE, by Katherine Anne Porter

MODERN WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT, by John Crowe Ransom

THE HORRIBLE SOUTH, by Gerald W. Johnson

MISTER MCGREGOR, by Andrew Nelson Lytle

OLD CATAWBA, by Thomas Wolfe

OLD WINE IN A NEW BOTTLE, by John Donald Wade

POETRY, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Allen Tate, Laurence Lee, Lizette Woodworth Reese, John Peale Bishop, Ben Belitt, Kathryn Worth

ENCAUSTICS FOR SOUTHERNERS, by Stark Young

A MISERABLE OFFENDER, by Grace Lumpkin

HER OWN PEOPLE, by Robert Penn Warren

THE MODERN SOUTHERN POET, by Cleanth Brooks, Jr.

This issue is not typical in every respect. The regular issue draws its contributions from writers all over the world, from Nobel Prize winners and unknown talented writers alike. The regular issue contains provocative articles on every conceivable theme. The regular issue contains book reviews that have made of the VIRGINIA QUARTERLY a high literary tribunal. But it is typical in giving a hearing to both sides of all questions — and both sides must be stated informatively and freshly. This is a characteristic which Forum readers know how to appreciate.

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TOASTS

PHILIP H. GADSDEN is a native of South Carolina and has been intimately connected with the development of the utility industries there, and later nationally, since 1900.

JOHN T. FLYNN, a FORUM contributor for many years, is one of the best-known of American journalists who write on economic, particularly financial, subjects.

MARY O'NEILL, when she is not occupied with her duties as householder and parent, writes magazine articles on sociology and education.

T. R. GLOVER is Public Orator at the University of Cambridge, in Great Britain.

THOMAS ROURKE started writing on lonely days in South America, where he was a civil engineer. He has written a volume of short stories and two novels and is finishing another novel which Knopf will publish. At present he is living (along with his dog) aboard a thirty-eight-foot boat, in which he follows the warm weather along the Atlantic Coast.

RALPH M. PEARSON, who teaches at the New School for Social Research, in New York City, attempts to give a background of critical understanding of art, in the belief that constructive action will follow naturally.

LEONORA SPEYER had an early professional career as a violinist, making her debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Since then she has published three volumes of verse, one of which, *Fiddler's Farewell*, won a Pulitzer Prize in 1927.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON, formerly a student and teacher at Columbia University, cut loose to become a free-lance writer. Besides his magazine work, he is the author of two volumes of poetry and a biography of Cortes.

ROBERT F. WAGNER, a native of Germany who came to this country as a child, studied at City College in New York and at the New York Law School. He has served as Lieutenant Governor of New York State and as a justice of the State Supreme Court, and is now United States Senator.

RUTH FRANCES WOODSMALL has been active for many years in the foreign work of the Young Women's Christian Association, and was recently made general secretary of the World Y. W. C. A. organization. Her article is based on observations she made in Germany last summer.

MATHILDE POTTER, besides being something of a traveler, is an artist of standing and prominent in social work in California.

MARJORIE DOBBINS KERN is a familiar writer for the house and garden magazines.

ALDOUS HUXLEY, of the British Huxleys distinguished in science and letters, is the author of *Point Counterpoint*.

HARRY SODERMAN is head of the Police Science School at the Law University in Stockholm, Sweden.

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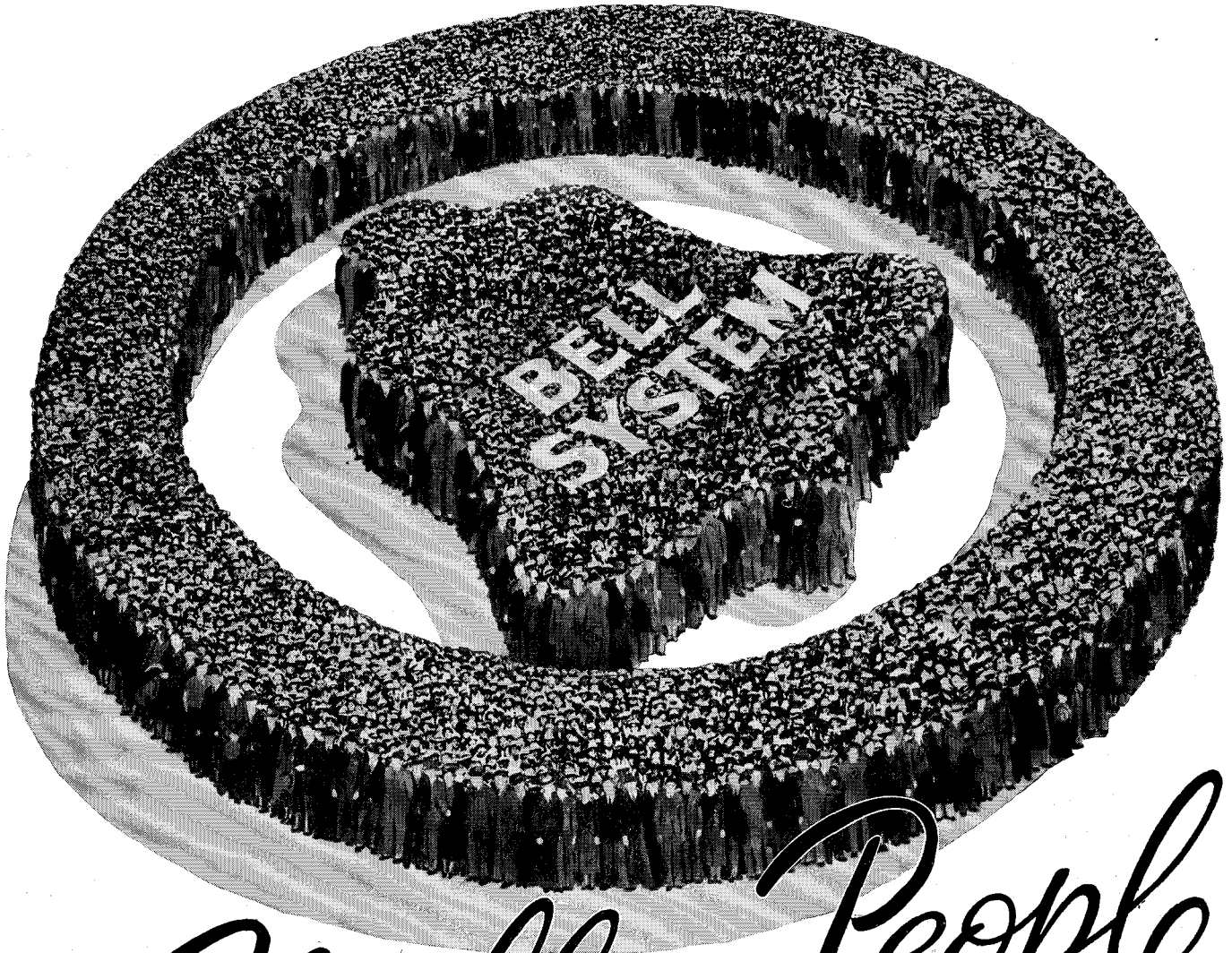
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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

and later

EDUCATION AND OUR SOCIETY

A DEBATE

John Dewey and Tyler Dennett

That our system of education (not really a system but a patchwork) is a drag upon society, because it does not prepare the individual for the problems he must face, is John Dewey's thesis. Dr. Dennett charges, in reply, that Mr. Dewey puts the cart before the horse. Education cannot lead, he says; it can only accompany. This is a fresh, illuminating verbal battle between a dean of American philosophy and education and one of its younger and most brilliant men of letters.

STEWED QUAKER

Della T. Lutes

"Children of today seem not to suffer from many of the ailments to which tender flesh was considered the legitimate heir when I was young," says Mrs. Lutes, and with the "mis'ries" of a bygone day have gone too the fascinating cures — dried puffballs for bleeding, baked pork-and-onion poultices for colds, soiled-socking bandages for sore throats, and, crowning achievement, Black Jule's Stewed Quaker.

SALVATION BY MURDER

Harry Soderman

A religious procession in Saragossa. White-garbed priests, carrying crucifixes, choir boys with candles, altar boys swinging censers move slowly past throngs of the pious. A hand reaches from a window, a black object hurtles to the street, and in a moment the Archbishop and his entourage are scattered in a bloody shambles over the pavement. Thus foully began the careers of Pedro Sarosi and José Ortega as practicing anarchists. Mr. Soderman tells an interesting story of their peculiar lives.

MUSIC IN THE MAKING

James L. Mursell

What were the great composers up to when they made music? Why did they make it, and how? And what were they trying to say? Ask these questions of a music student or critic, and he is likely to begin a dissertation on philosophical aesthetics. Mr. Mursell tries to shed some light on them in terms with meaning for those less-well-versed in the technique of the art.

BANKING FOR THE LITTLE MAN

Bertram B. Fowler

"Credit" is a word with a tangible meaning, as a rule, for only privileged members of society. For millions of wage earners, "credit" and the institutions which extend it, banks, are veiled in sancrosanct and distant mystery. Installment buying, which extracts a heavy premium, has been their only means of obtaining it. But a socially minded German, nearly a century ago, decided that credit was actually no more sacrosanct than any commodity, and out of that conception has grown the credit-union movement. It is a simple plan, and it is breaking the grip of the money-lender on the wage earner.

OTHER FEATURES

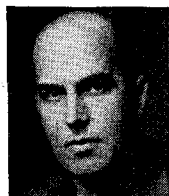
Mary M. Colum, writing on contemporary American poetry; Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's interpretation of the New Life movement in modern China; Theodore Maynard, in an arraignment of the Protestant churches for substituting sentiment for faith; J. Lionberger Davis, who pleads for some human values in our financial system.

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; \$4.00 a year; foreign and Canadian subscription, \$5.00. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, \$1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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by
Berry
Fleming



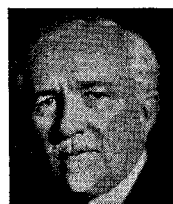
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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON



THE NATURE OF CAPITALIST CRISIS, by John Strachey (Covici, Friede, \$3.00). Unlike *The Coming Struggle for Power*, this book does not deal with such familiar concepts as Fascism, imperialism, free trade, and the like—or at least it deals with them only incidentally. A purely economic rather than a political analysis, it is tougher reading altogether though no less rewarding. Mr. Strachey begins by examining the theories of capitalist economists concerning the occurrence of crises, demonstrates that neither the orthodox school nor such aberrationists as Major Douglas can offer any real explanation of these cataclysmic disorders, and takes the position that only Karl Marx has been able to explain the business cycle in terms which mean anything for the future. The Marxian viewpoint, of course, is that periodic crises are inseparably a consequence of capitalism itself and that these crises will grow worse and worse as the rate of profit continues to fall and the system to decay. Why this should be so is the burden of Mr. Strachey's exposition, which leans heavily on the labor theory of value and the Marxian analysis of capitalism's dilemma. The choice, says Mr. Strachey, lies squarely between Communism and a reversion to barbarism. There is no easy, middle-of-the-road solution, such as a planned economy with high wages the rule. Such a system would, it is true, provide for adequate consumption, but it would destroy the possibility of profit and so the system itself. To say that John Strachey is brilliantly persuasive is, by this time, platitudinous.

GERALD: A PORTRAIT, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.00). That his own daughter should have written this biography of Sir Gerald du Maurier is something of a special miracle. Moving, tender, yet ruthlessly clear-sighted, it is the story of an adult Peter Pan who never grew up and suffered for it. Back in the days when his father had not yet published *Trilby* or *Peter Ibbetson*, Gerald was the spoiled, petted youngest of a completely enchanting family. He never recovered from that spoiling—not even when he developed into one of England's most famous actors—and all his life he was haunted by the same moodiness, boredom, and restlessness which, to a lesser degree, George du Maurier had known. Success came too easily to Gerald; he was the perfect Captain Hook, the perfect Raffles, the perfect suave hero of countless drawing-room comedies; but he never gave his brilliant talents full

play, never took the theater seriously enough, never became the really great actor he might so readily have been. In telling this tale of her charming, tragic, playboy father, Daphne du Maurier subordinates herself so completely that she might as well be writing one of her own novels. She is never "I" but rather a detached observer who happened to know Gerald from the inside and who reveals his contradictory character with flawless sympathy and skill.

IN TIME OF PEACE, by Thomas Boyd (Minton, Balch, \$2.50). Written just before his recent death, the title of Mr. Boyd's novel is astringently ironical. Hicks, the hero of that excellent war book, *Through the Wheat*, finds, after passing through a typical experience of the 'twenties, that peace can be as cruel and murderous as ever the war was and that for the underdog everywhere the fight is not over. A stubborn, honest-minded, rather inarticulate man, Hicks marries during the early postwar depression days, finds an ill-paying newspaper job, and has a desperate struggle to stretch out his meager budget. With the boom, however, he and Patsy strike solid ground, and, though Hicks remains a little skeptical of their comparative affluence, he is swept up into the feverish currents of the jazz age. Then comes the depression, destroying all their precarious gains, and Hicks' latent sympathies are finally crystallized in the direction of radicalism. *In Time of Peace* has some excellent material in it, as well as some shoddy and poorly executed sections, but it is by no means so good a book as *Through the Wheat* and as a revolutionary novel it is a little fumbling and unsatisfactory.

LEOPOLD THE UNLOVED, by Ludwig Bauer (Little, Brown, \$3.50). Exciting as a story and valuable for its revelation of nineteenth-century ethics, *Leopold the Unloved* comes close to being a model biography. His contemporaries, shocked by his open licentiousness and his ruthless will to power, regarded Leopold II of Belgium as a kind of cruel monster. They did not realize that he was completely a product of his age, sharing its hypocrisies and its terrific lust for money. Leopold, who never even visited the Congo Free State, grabbed it skillfully for his own profit, by the only method open to him. He countenanced the appalling Congo atrocities because his first motive was to extract wealth from Africa—not because he was innately bloodthirsty. He cheated

THE BOOK PARADE

and deceived Belgium, which reluctantly took over the Congo after he had milked it dry, but in the end Belgium benefited from her monarch's grandiose schemes. In addition to his masterly account of Leopold's Congo adventure, Herr Bauer describes the rise of the talented Coburgs, the wily diplomacy of Leopold I, the tragic marital difficulties of the second Leopold's daughters. With just the proper admixture of wit, irony, and understanding he tells magnificently this story of a king who was wicked, perhaps, but great.

SIESTA, by Berry Fleming (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). In this story of a typical small city of the lotus-eating South, Mr. Fleming concentrates on atmosphere rather than individual destiny. During one sultry, breathless summer in Georgetown, Alabama, several dozen characters struggle feebly against climate, heredity, and Southern languor but remain conditioned by the environment of which they are so completely a part. It happens to be a summer when several Northerners and returned natives act as a catalytic agent in the social life of the town. The dramas which they bring about are subtly interwoven into Mr. Fleming's pattern, but it is the city itself, with its old houses, its Negro population, its preoccupation with the price of cotton which gives the book its significance. As charmingly written but far more substantial than any of Berry Fleming's previous novels, this portrait of a Southern Main Street is genuinely excellent.

TEN THOUSAND PUBLIC ENEMIES, by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Little, Brown, \$3.00). Although this is essentially the story of that body of desperate criminals from whose ranks emerge from time to time the Capones, the Frank Nashes, the Harvey Baileys, the "Pretty Boy" Floyds, the Dillingers, and the "Baby Face" Nelsons of tabloid fame, it is, in a larger and more tragic sense, an exposé of the greatest Public Enemy Number One of them all — Public Apathy. If you are shocked by Mr. Cooper's revelations of connivance between gangsters and politicians, of the rottenness of our prison system, of the inadequacy of our criminal laws, of the impotence of our courts, of the miserable flabbiness of our parole system, you have only yourself and your fellow citizens on the side of law and order to blame for it. The one bright part in this appalling melodrama is that played by the Division of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice, which is working heroically to combat crime itself and the conditions that make crime possible.

HE SENT FORTH A RAVEN, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Viking, \$2.50). A strange, almost eerie sort of book, upon which Miss



THE BEST IN LITERATURE

by

Gladys Hasty
Carroll

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

THE BOOK PARADE

Roberts has lavished the full resources of her rich, poetic prose, *He Sent Forth a Raven* seems to belong to another world than the one which most of us inhabit. Its scene is Kentucky; its leading character an eccentric landowner named Stoner Drake, who vows, after his wife's death, never to set foot on God's earth again. With him live his daughter and his granddaughter, both of whom are to some extent victimized by his daemonic obsessions, and his perpetual guests are two half-crazed rustics given to talking interminably about man's destiny and the cosmos. The book has moments of great beauty, but its vague mysticism, its general cloudiness are a little difficult to cope with. However much one admires its artistry, one could wish that Miss Roberts might return to the clarity and human warmth of *The Time of Man*.

SPANISH RAGGLE-TAGGLE, by Walter Starkie (Dutton, \$3.50). Proof that the romance and high adventure of the Middle Ages still linger on, even in these dark years of turmoil and uncertainty, is to be found between the covers of this completely charming book. Wearied by his duties as Professor of Spanish in Dublin University, Dr. Starkie set out one summer day to travel on foot through Northern Spain to Madrid. With him he carried only a rucksack and a fiddle, for it was his intention to earn his way as a wandering minstrel. Far more valuable equipment, however, was his fervent Irish love of wild and primitive music, his Borrowesque ability to befriend and understand the Spanish gypsies, and his happy-go-lucky way of making the best of weird situations. His account of what befell him on his journey is in every sense of the word that pleasant discovery—a travel book well off the beaten path.

TIME OUT OF MIND, by Rachel Field (Macmillan, \$2.50). Maine is the scene of this story of a great shipping family which met with disaster when steam supplanted sails. The Fortunes were proud, wealthy, difficult people, with a fine tradition behind them and no capacity for adjustment. One sees them through the eyes of a country girl, Kate Fernald, whose mother was the old Major's housekeeper and whose destiny was painfully and intimately entwined with their own. Miss Field writes frankly as a romanticist, but her book has color, spaciousness, and a warm, mellow quality which redeems her stray lapses into sentimentality. The Fortune shipyards, the great white house overlooking the harbor, the torchlit launching of the last Fortune vessel—all these Miss Field describes with nostalgic vividness. Her book has flavor, body, glamour, and is written in a prose more than adequate to her theme.

?What Next?

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THE BOOK PARADE

THE ISLANDMAN, by Tomás Ó Crohan (Scribner, \$2.50). The Great Blasket, that wild, sea-swept island off the southernmost coast of Ireland, is the scene of this autobiography, as it was of *Twenty Years A-Growing*. Tomás Ó Crohan, however, was born in 1856, so that his picture of island ways antedates Maurice O'Sullivan's and goes back to a period when life on the Great Blasket was even stranger and more primitive. His narrative, written with complete simplicity and a delightful dry humor, has less literary quality than O'Sullivan's but is perhaps closer to ordinary living. He tells of his childhood, when tea was unknown, animals were quartered with the family, and schooling was irregular; with a fine zest he recalls his exploits as a fisherman, his perilous hunting of seals, the wrecks which piled up on the Blasket Coast and for a time enriched the natives with strange plunder. He tells also of weddings, feasts, drunken brawls, and those frequent expeditions to the mainland which enliven the islanders' days. It is a fortunate thing that a record of this vanishing peasant existence should be preserved, and a debt is due to Dr. Robin Flower, who translated Ó Crohan's book from the Irish and prefaces it with an excellent foreword.

THE PUMPKIN COACH, by Louis Paul (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Mr. Paul, whose first short story won the O. Henry Memorial Prize for 1934, has invented a special method for crystallizing his vision of America. Uan, or John Koó, is an educated Samoan boy who lands in San Francisco with eyes as fresh as a child's and a mind wonderfully fertile for receiving new impressions. His odyssey is a kind of poetic fairy tale, in the course of which John vagabonds across the continent, studies art in New York, eventually becomes a prize fighter, and everywhere deepens his knowledge of the color, tempo, and strange, dizzy beauty of American cities and American life. The book has vitality and an abundance of excellent dialogue concerning art and men's dreams, but Mr. Paul tends to be too lush, too exuberant. For all its pyrotechnic brilliance, his novel is longer than it should be and often sadly overwritten.

MEMOIRS OF A SMALL TOWN SURGEON, by John Brooks Wheeler (Stokes, \$3.00). Dr. Wheeler belongs to that grand old generation of physicians who grew up with modern surgery. In the 'seventies, when he was a student in the Harvard Medical School and when he was an interne, or "house pup," at the Massachusetts General Hospital, the distinguished doctors under whom he studied were inclined to be skeptical of Lister's newly discovered method of "antiseptic surgery," and Pasteur and Koch were un-

known. These *Memoirs* convey, more convincingly than any well-ordered and scholarly history, the enormous worth of their discoveries to mankind in its struggle against disease, for here is the personal account of a gallant leader in a small sector of that struggle — the State of Vermont — an account rich with the wit and sympathy and sturdy philosophy of a professor of surgery who never allowed himself to feel superior to the duties of a country doctor.

LIGHT FROM ARCTURUS, by Mildred Walker (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). The three world's fair celebrations of 1876, 1893, and 1933 are the focal points of this leisurely and colorful novel. Julia Hauser, a heroine who is both charming and intelligent, went to the Philadelphia Centennial on her honeymoon, caught a glimpse of wider horizons, and thereafter was oppressed by the cramped life which she was obliged to lead in a new, raw Nebraska town. By dint of prodigious efforts she managed to transplant her husband and children to Chicago. Miss Walker's novel is saturated with period color which is neither forced nor obtrusive; she has a good story to tell and she tells it with vigor and a warm, homely charm.

DEATH BLEW OUT THE MATCH, by Kathleen Moore Knight (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00). Plenty of atmosphere and an ingenious plot give this detective story its distinction. A small island off Cape Cod is Miss Knight's setting, and she has made the most of foggy moors, trim summer cottages, and salty-minded natives. Her murder occurs, of course, among the summer people, but the island fishermen are involved. To the fans and even to the general public, Miss Knight's yarn can be warmly recommended.

THE FORGOTTEN FIFTY BILLIONS, by W. W. Craig and Challiss Gore (Scribner, \$1.00). This addition to current financial writings is refreshingly understandable to the ordinary investor. It wastes no time in digging up the past misdemeanors of the financial world but points out the benefits that are to be derived by the investor from the present setup of the New York Stock Exchange. The title refers to the investment opportunities overlooked in the securities listed on that exchange. The book's highlight is found in a chapter which presents a method for reducing costs of investment, particularly for those who follow a definite program in building up investment funds.

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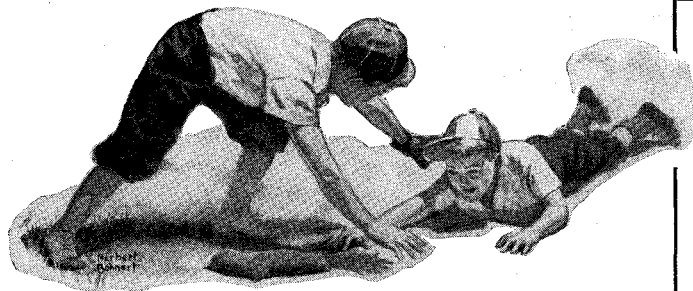
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